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JANUARY.

BY E. A. B.

No tender spray of faintest green
The gray boughs of the willow yield—
Cold glints the sunlight's wintry sheen
On sombre wood and barren field;
Along the bleak, snow-crested steep
Wild winds of January sweep,
And the gaunt pine's eternal moan
Blends with the sea's hoarse monotone.

How like my dreary life—a sigh—
The faded fields, the frozen wold,
The shrill wind's long lamenting cry,
The sullen sunset's wrathful gold;
But late, the valleys, sere and gray,
Blushed 'neath the dimpled feet of May,
Leading her silver brooks between
The sunlit hills of laughing green.

So in the happy summers dead,
Youth's flowery path, undimmed by tears,
Beneath unclouded mornings led
To a vague horizon of years—
Under a shadowless summer sky
The dreamful days went drifting by,
In the rosy wake of the night afar,
Guided by hope's resplendent star.

Dim falls the night, the lurid gleams
Of sunset die along the west;
The pale moon's lambent glory streams
Above the black wood's tossing crest;
Far off, the sea unceasing wails,
And over dreary steeps and fells,
In a wild chorus, sinks and swells
The orchestra of winter gales.

LOVE FOR A DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "A BROKEN WEDDING-RING," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

EVERYWHERE at Gracedieu was the scent of lilacs. In no other place did they grow in such luxuriant profusion. People came to see the lilacs at Gracedieu as they go to look at the beeches at Burnham and the chestnuts at Hampton Court. They were the great attraction for many weeks, and the country round was sweet with their odor. In well-laid-out grounds, in cottage-gardens, in the long, green lanes, at every corner of the pretty streets, in every nook where there was room for a tree to grow, on the path by the river, on the road to the woods, in meadows and orchards where they had no right to be, by the brook-side, nodding over the iron railings of the old churchyard, were the beautiful tall plumed lilacs. It would be difficult to say whether they were sweeter in the evening, in the sunlight, wet with dew, or stirred by the wind; from the time they began to bud until the last leaf dropped from the trees, they made Gracedieu a garden of Eden, a land of delight. The children called them "The Prince of Wales's feathers." The older folk dated from them; they would say, "Before the lilacs were out," "When the lilacs were in bloom," or, "After the lilacs had faded." The weeks they were in flower were a time of pleasure to all.

This pretty town of Gracedieu, where I lived my happy young life, is in the fairest part of Devonshire—where the land is green and fertile, although it borders on the sea—where the green lanes are like gardens, and the hedgerows full of bloom. My father, the Reverend John Chester, was Rector of Gracedieu for more than forty years. His church, an old Norman building, was very dear to him. He did not marry until late in life, and I was his only child. I remember but little of him. His name was held in great honor by the townspeople. My dear mother, whom I lost when I was eighteen years old, was a quiet, gentle, unobtrusive woman; she had a small life-annuity. My father had not been able to leave her anything; he had insured his life for a trifling sum, which was invested for my benefit, and which brought me in a modest income of twenty pounds per annum.

In those days the gold of the laburnum and the buttercup was more to me than the glitter of coin. My mother and I thought but little of money. Our expenditure was quite within our income—the true secret of content. I remember no sordid cares, no "bills," no uneasiness as quarter-day came round; I remember no undue extravagance.

We had many friends and acquaintances in the town. In the summer afternoons it was a pleasant walk to our house; and, though we could not afford to entertain grandly, as some of our wealthy neighbors did, tea in our pretty garden, with home-made cakes and ripe fruit, was pleasant enough. My mother was a lover of nature and she taught me all she knew. I was acquainted with the name of every bird; I knew their haunts and their habits. I was familiar with the trees and the various grasses, the wild-flowers, the reeds by the river, the cresses in the brook; every secret of the sweet country life was known and loved by me. Looking back, I see a simple-hearted happy child, whose life was a poem.

As the opening of a tragedy is almost always quiet, so my life, that was to embody a tragedy, began calmly, like the opening bars of some sweet musical idyl. From my infancy until I was seventeen I had passed a peaceful, calm, uneventful existence.

My mother, when her husband died, went to live at a pretty little villa outside Gracedieu, and built just on the borders of the Gracedieu woods. When I was a child, I used to lie for long hours listening to the wind amongst the trees of the forest; and while I live no music will be so grand or so sweet to me as that which it then made.

Our lives were well filled. I remember no vacant hours. Those which I spent in the woods and by the river were not idle to me. I was storing my heart and mind with pictures that lasted me for many years when with my eyes I could see them no longer.

It was on my seventeenth birthday, and the date was the tenth of May, that a new life was opened to me. On that morning I was one of the happiest, brightest children that ever drew breath, with no care or thought save for the birds and flowers. With a longing impatience to see the dew on the grass I watched the sun rise; when I watched the same sun set, I had passed from childhood to womanhood. My mother's pretty little house peeped out from a mass of lilac-trees, and there was a group of the same just outside the garden gate, bordering the path that led to the wood. The townspeople had the right of using this path, but they did not often avail themselves of it.

The first thing I thought of on my birthday was the lilacs. I knew just how the trees would look, the dew lying heavy on them, and the sun shining on their bloom. I must gather plenty for the breakfast-table, for my birthday was a household fete.

I went out. On the previous night I had noticed on the top of the tallest tree a spray of lilac that I wanted to gather. It was exactly the shape of the Prince of Wales's feathers—three nodding, beautiful, graceful plumes, surrrounded by green leaves.

Once, twice, thrice I tried to reach the branch I wanted, but failed to do so. The sun was shining in my face; the shaking of the boughs scattered the dew-drops all over me. Suddenly a voice near me said—

"It is too high; you cannot reach it. Let me get it for you."

I heard no footsteps, and had seen no shadow on the grass. Turning, my eyes fell on a bright handsome face, with eyes dark and lustrous, and a mouth sweet and firm.

"Let me get it for you," repeated the stranger; and I stood aside while he gathered the beautiful plume I wanted. "I ought to apologize to you," he continued; "but I was on my way to the wood. I saw your trouble, and could not resist the temptation of coming to your aid."

As he spoke, he broke off the bough. In doing so the tree shook, and the great dew-drops fell on his face and on mine.

"How careless I am!" he said. "Do forgive me, Miss Chester!"

"How do you know my name?" I asked. "I do not remember having seen you before."

"I know most of the inhabitants of Gracedieu," he replied. "You do not recognize me, but my father is often at your house."

My mind quickly reviewed the few friends who were in the habit of visiting us, and I could think of no one likely to be the father of the handsome young man by my side.

"I am Doctor Upton's son," he continued—"Mark Upton, at your service. My father often talks of Mrs. and Miss Chester."

"I am much obliged to you," I said. "It is my birthday, and I had set my heart on that one particular spray of lilac. How beautiful it is!"

"They are my favorite flowers," he said.

"How strange! I prefer them to any others," I remarked, glancing up at him.

"I wish you many happy returns of your birthday," he said, smiling; "and I hope every wish of yours to-day may be gratified as easily as this has been"—touching the branch of lilac as he spoke.

And so, by that one incident, my fate was sealed on the bright May morning when Mark Upton passed our house on his way to the woods.

It was not a very great surprise to me when, three days afterwards, on returning from my favorite haunt by the river, I found Mr. Upton talking to my mother. His dark face flushed as he saw me, and he rose from his chair.

"Miss Chester," he said, "I have taken the liberty of bringing you these"—and he held out a mass of beautiful flowers, chiefly white lilacs of a rare kind with sweet perfume. "I was at Oakton Hall this morning," he continued, "and I thought of you as I rode through the park. The lilacs are in full bloom; those white ones are the finest I have ever seen. I could not resist bringing them to you. The park is beautiful now. Not only are the lilacs out, but the laburnums are also, and the hawthorne-trees are magnificent. You would enjoy seeing them."

I said something about the Gracedieu woods—I never remembered what. He came nearer to me, and held out the white lilacs that I might inhale their fragrance. How can I describe the vague feeling of happiness, of new-born delight, of pleasure that was almost pain when he approached? I remember how we were half afraid to look at each other; then one, stealing a glance, would meet the other's eyes, and dire confusion would result.

I remember that while we both examined the lilacs our hands met—and that first touch of his hand was a new revelation to me. Presently the figure of my gentle, silent mother, who was knitting busily at the window, disappeared, and we were alone—two young, loving passionate hearts alone with the glamor of first love over us.

I had thought of nothing but the dark handsome face since I had seen it first under the dewy lilac-boughs. I dreamed of it; wherever I looked, there it was. I could see it in the flowers, in the shadowy river, in the blue of the sky, in the gold of the sunlight; glance where I would, it was there—always there.

I was a romantic girl, full of poetry and dreams. He was the first handsome young man I had seen, and fate had brought us together. When I awoke to the reality of the present, my mother was saying—

"Nellie, show Mr. Upton our trees. I think they are the finest in Gracedieu."

Presently we were standing in the glory of the golden sunshine, but I did not see it. I did not see the ripple of the foliage, the dark woods, the lilac-trees, or the garden. I saw nothing but the face that was more beautiful to me than all the world beside.

There was a shady arbor under the great lilacs, and we were sitting there. Mr. Upton was telling me of his life, his position, and his future.

"I shall always thank Heaven," he said, "that I made my way to Gracedieu woods on the tenth of May."

"I dared not ask why. I knew.

"What small events rule our lives!" he went on. "If I had been one hour later or sooner, I should not have seen you, and then——" He stopped.

"And then?" I interrogated.

"There could be no 'then,'" he said hastily. "The world would be quite different if I had never seen you. I shall love May; I shall love the lilacs as long as I live."

"The weight of happiness seemed almost more than I could bear. It seemed to me as if the birds singing around us had guessed our secret.

It was evening when I recovered my composure. I was sitting with some work in my hand. My mother began to talk about Mark Upton, and I grew alarmed—alarmed at the tumult of happiness in my heart, wondering what that same gentle mother would say if she knew that all the world was changed for me.

Mark was at the cottage again the next morning, with the excuse of a message from his father. I see him now as I saw him then, with the May sunlight all about him, a smile lighting up his dark handsome face, standing near the lilac-bushes, crying out in his cheery voice, "May I come in and see how you are this morning, Mrs. Chester?"

On that same afternoon I went out for my usual stroll through the woods and down by the river. My heart and thoughts were full of him. It was hardly a surprise when I saw him crossing the little rustic bridge that spanned the river Way to join me. I was sitting in a nest of violets and forget-me-nots that grew down to the edge of the water.

Ah me, it all comes back to me—the song of the birds, the sound of the wind in the great trees, the odor of the lilacs, and my lover's dark handsome face bending over me, his warm strong hand clasping mine! It would have been well, I sometimes think, had I died then and there with that full sunlight of happiness upon me. For, when I realized what was passing, when, above the music of the birds and the wind and the rush of the river, I heard every word, Mark Upton was telling me that he loved me, and asking me to be his wife who one short week before was only a child! Oh, happy time of the lilac-bloom, which had brought me

a lover so good and so true! I dared not look at him. I glanced at the river and the trees—anything rather than meet his dark loving eyes.

"Will you say that you are not angry, Miss Chester? 'Nellie' your mother calls you, and it is the prettiest name in the whole world—Nellie, will you try to love me?"

I faltered out that I had known him only one week. He cried, "What does that matter?" A week in such a case was like an age. There was no such thing as time in love.

"You know there is not, Nellie," he said. "I tell the simple truth when I say that at seven o'clock on the morning of the tenth of May I was heart-whole and fancy-free; I had never thought of love or marriage; and it is equally true that by ten o'clock I had sworn to myself that Nellie Chester should be my wife or no one else. Nellie, you do not know what you looked like when I saw you first. Your hair was purest gold as the sunlight fell full upon it; your face was fresh and fair as a flower; your sleeve had fallen back, and half your beautiful arm was bare, as you tried to reach the lilac, and could not. I can only say that that moment you made your way to my heart, and that you will never leave it again. You have become part of my life. Now let me look into your eyes. I can read my answer there."

He raised my face in his hands and looked into it as though he would read my very soul.

"You do care for me, Nellie," he cried; "the love-light is in your eyes! Say you love me. What does it matter that we have known each other only one week? Why, my darling, if you had been my dearest friend for twenty years, I could not love you more! You know me as well now as you will in fifty years' time. I do not hide one thought of my heart from you."

What could I say—I, who loved him with all my girl's heart, and to whom his love was as sunlight and dew are to the flowers? I said something as to being very young.

"My hair is not gray, Nellie," he said, laughing. "You are seventeen; I am twenty. I know 'my love is but a lassie yet;' 'tis for that I love her."

Then he plighted his troth to me, taking me in his arms and kissing me as he said—

"I love you, Nellie; and while I live I shall love no other woman. If you will be my wife I will live and die for you; if you will not, I will call no other woman wife."

The laughing river and the singing birds seemed to repeat the words. I was dazed with happiness as I sat with my head on my lover's breast, wondering why such perfect bliss should be mine, content with knowing that I belonged to him, that my life and my love were his, that in the future we should always be together, glad to know that the dark handsome face would never smile on another woman, glad to think that no other woman's hand would caress the clusters of dark hair, no other woman's lips kiss the face that was mine, all mine.

"Oh, foolish, trusting, loving heart! I did not remember that in the depths of the dark strong river lay shifting sands, that the wind never told the same story twice. To me my lover's dark eyes were true and tender as the stars. I forgot that the stars are not all fixed. I was very young, very loving, full of faith, but not very wise.

So, while the May sun shone around us, he kissed me and claimed me for his wife, and we walked back to the cottage as the "Sleeping Beauty" and the "Fairy Prince" walked, from the old world to a new.

CHAPTER II.

THE old proverb states that the course of true love never runs smooth. Ours ran smoothly enough. The Doctor laughed when Mark told him of our engagement. My mother was delighted; she had liked Mark from the first. The one great drawback was that he was compelled to go to India for four years. He was a civil engineer by profession, and a lucrative appointment had been offered to him on a railway which was being extended. The advantages that would accrue to him were great. He would gain immensely in experience and he would make money. The Doctor considered his son most fortunate. My mother agreed with him, but added that it would be sad for us to part. The Doctor replied that nothing better could have happened for us. We were too young to marry—too young, in his opinion, to know our own minds; and we could have no better test than four years' absence and a trial of constancy.

But during the first few happy weeks we did not think of the parting. It was a dark cloud ahead of us, a cloud that had a silver lining; for when the four years were ended Mark was to return home and we were to be married. I should, he promised me, always have a home in the country. He would never ask me to live in town.

It was in May that we met, and in July we parted; but during the interval we spent the greater part of the time together. Other summer days have dawned for me, but none like those on which my young lover came in the early morning, while the dew sparkled on the grass, when we walked through the woods and down by the river, noting with loving eyes all that was so fair and beautiful around us, returning from our long rambles, our hands filled with wild-flowers, to find my mother waiting breakfast for us, the table set out on the lawn. Then Mark would linger and pass the morning with me. He came back in the afternoon, and stayed with us until the moon rose.

How I loved him! Then I saw only the beauty of a great passion; now I see its pain and its pathos; now I know that the mighty power of love has not been given to us to be centred in any creature. Then I had one idol, and, alas, I worshipped it! I had no life apart from my young lover's. I never tired of looking at the dark beauty of his face, of listening to his voice, and, when he was absent from me, of recalling every word that he had spoken.

I had no life, no love, no care, no thought apart from him. I read the love-stories of others, written in poetry and prose; but no love was like mine. Surely wise people, while they laughed, would have wept over it! If he had asked for my life, I should have given it to him, as I had given him my love, freely and with a smile. I felt something like pity for those he did not love; I felt that every girl living must envy me.

Mark Upton cared for me quite as much as I loved him. We spent those few weeks in a land into which no care, no sorrow came—the fairyland of love and hope. Every hour brought us closer together, bound us by newer and sweeter ties, while the summer flowers bloomed, the corn grew up in the fields, and the lilacs withered. I do not know what comes into other lives; but I hope that Heaven gives such a glimpse of happiness as mine to all.

On one occasion I heard the Doctor laughing as he talked to my mother. He asked her if she knew that in some parts of England the beautiful fragrant shrub known as southernwood was called "lad's love." My mother replied that she had never heard it so called, and asked why it was it named "lad's love." I listened half curiously for the answer.

"Because," he said, "it dies in a year, as lad's love often does." He looked at me as he spoke, and I knew that he was thinking of Mark's love, which, after all, was a lad's love, and might live for a year or die in a day. But he did not know. He was old and immersed in the cares of a grave profession. How could he understand our love, loyalty, and constancy?

One evening Mark had gone home; but the stars were so bright that I remained out of doors watching the night-sky. The dark blue vault was a mass of shining, twinkling gold. They were so bright and clear, and the faint mystical light they threw upon the earth was so dreamily beautiful, that I was entranced.

"Nellie," cried my mother, "do come in!"

"Mamma," I answered, "you come out!"

Almost to my surprise she came, and we stood together watching the far-off wonderful orbs.

"How bright they are, those beautiful stars!" said my mother. "Ah, Nellie, how many thousand years have they been shining? What have they seen? And, my darling, how soon they will be shining on our graves!"

But I, with my warm deep love—I felt no fear of death. Not even the stars in heaven shone so brightly or were so true as my love. I said to her that I might die, but that the love that filled my soul never could. She looked at me with sad sweet eyes. When the stars shine in the sky her look and her words come back to me.

"Nellie," she said, "you should never give to a creature the love that is due to the Creator. I have often thought, dear child," she continued, "that you love Mark too much. It is not safe to centre all your happiness in one person. If anything happens to that one, your whole life is shipwrecked."

"There can be no shipwreck where Mark is," I answered, strong in my faith and love.

My mother sighed.

"Nothing gives me more pleasure, Nellie, than to know how happy you are with Mark. I believe he is true as a man can be."

"True as a man can be, mamma, means infinitely true," I interrupted.

"Ah, no, my dear Nellie! Men are but mortal; their power of loving is not infinite. I do not wish to sadden you, to cloud your faith, to dim your love or lessen your trust; but I should like to warn you. Love with caution."

"There need be no caution where Mark is concerned, mother," I rejoined.

"I am old," she continued; "I have seen a great deal of life. I do not say—Heaven forbid!—that all men are false, or all women; I do not say that one sex is more false than the other; but I have seen love betrayed, trust misplaced. I have known the honest heart of a man broken because a woman deserted him, and I have known a loving and tender-hearted girl die because her lover left her."

I raised my face to the stars shining in their calm eternal beauty. Strong in my youth, ignorance, and faith, I said lightly—

"Nothing of that kind can ever happen between Mark and me."

"Some loves," said my mother, "last for ever, some for a day; and, oh, my dear Nellie, it seems to me that this last is, in these prosaic times, the commonest form of love."

"Love for a day!" I echoed. "Ah, thank Heaven, that is not Mark's love!"

My mother looked at me anxiously. I wonder how many mothers have given to their daughters just the same sensible advice, and just as much in vain?

"Do you quite understand, Nellie," asked my gentle, loving mother, "what I mean, what I want you to do? Mark is to be absent four years. I do not say that his love will change or grow less; but I beg of you to leave yourself one chance. Do not give him such entire love that, if he should die or forget you, or any circumstance should part you, your whole life would be ruined. Love with caution, Nellie."

"There is no need for caution with Mark!" cried my happy heart. To Mark, my handsome lover, I might give in superabundance the lavish love that filled my heart; and the words of my mother's warning fell on heedless ears.

I can remember a warm day in June when Mark and I sought the shade of the tall trees that grew by the river. A refreshing breeze came over the water, and the birds were silent in the great heat. We were talking of our marriage, of that bright future which, like the June sunshine, had no shadow. Suddenly Mark asked me—

"Have you any relatives, Nellie? You and your mother seem to be quite alone in the world."

I told him that my father was an only child, my mother also, and that I was the same. The only relatives I had ever heard of were some distant ones in America; but I had none in England.

"It must have been lonely for you, my darling, before I came," he said.

I told him how my home-duties and my love of nature, of flowers, trees, and birds, had filled my life. I had lived then in the gray of the twilight; I lived now in the light of the glorious sun.

"How little I dreamed that morning, that fair May morning, that I was to meet my fate!" said Mark. "Nellie, I shall never forget how your hair gleamed in the sunshine."

I looked up at him with happy eyes; his praise was so sweet to me.

"We were talking about relatives, Mark," I said. "Have you many?"

"Ours is a very peculiar family," he said, laughing. "We have some relatives on my mother's side who are very poor; they live in London. On my father's side we have some distant relatives who are very rich; but we do not correspond with either. These rich people have a title too; but I shall never trouble them. If ever I have a title, it shall be through winning it, if ever I have a fortune, I shall have made it, Nellie."

My noble Mark! My whole heart bowed down before him; he was so brave, so gallant, so independent, as all true men are.

I never recalled that conversation, those few words, until I knew who Mark Upton's relatives were.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN the corn was cut down, and the ripe fruit gathered in from the orchard; when the "free and happy barley" lay under the scythe, Mark had gone.

When the hour of parting came, I believe Mark would have given up the appointment, with all its advantages, rather than leave me. Twenty times he kissed me with despairing passion and love, left me, and returned. He could not leave me; I could not let him go. My mother said that it was useless to prolong the agony of parting.

Mark looked at her with a white set face.

"I cannot go," he said hoarsely.

He had to leave Gracedieu by the last train that evening, and sail from Southampton on the morrow. He had spent the whole of the previous day with us, and he was at the cottage early on this the morning of his last day. Outside the very glory of summer lay over the land. We stood watching the golden sunshine, with the chill of our parting upon us, a chill more bitter than the chill of death. Mark had loosened my hair, and had cut off a long shining tress.

"That shall lie next my heart, Nell, even when I am dead," he said. "Promise me that no hand but mine shall touch these golden curls of yours while I am away. You are very beautiful, Nell, although you do not seem to know anything about it and men will admire you; but you must not listen to them. You are mine, all mine—mine only."

I told him—truthfully—that all other men were to me like shadows.

"Promise me, Nell," he said, as he kissed my lips again and again, "that no one shall kiss you while I am away."

"Dear heart, what fear!" I cried. Then in my turn I began to exact a promise. "You will love and think of me too, Mark?"

"I shall think of no one else, Nell."

"And you will not call any one else beautiful, or——"

He interrupted me with a laugh.

"Perhaps I should be happier if I could think less of you, Nellie," he said. "My life will be one unceasing longing for you."

"My dear Mark," said my mother, "if you are to catch the 6·0 train, it is time you went."

His face grew white, and a dark shadow came into his eyes.

"Nellie, come just a little way with me," he said. "Let our last farewell be spoken where we first met."

Once more we stood by the lilac-trees; every flower was dead, but the green leaves were there still.

"I shall have you here, my darling," said my lover, in a low voice. "I shall be four years away from you, Nellie. Promise me that when I return you will meet me here, in this same place. Here, where I met the sweetest love ever given to man—here I shall return to claim my wife. Good bye, Nellie."

"Good-bye, Mark," I whispered.

For one brief moment he put his face on mine; he kissed my brow and my lips; for one moment, sweet and bitter as death, I lay with my head upon his breast; and then he was gone. There was a blinding mist all round me, a surging as of great waters in my ears. A sharp and bitter pain seemed to pierce my heart; I felt my whole frame tremble. Then the blue sky, the green earth, the trees, and the river were all one, and I reeled and fell upon the grass. I could not weep; I could not cry out. No word came to relieve my dumb anguish and despair.

"Oh, child, be warned," said my mother that evening, "be warned! You must not give to any creature the love that belongs to One only."

I lived through it—through the rest of the long bright days, through the sunny evenings, the moonlit nights. For some weeks I had no companion save despair. I wept whenever I was alone, but I dared not let my mother know how sorely I grieved.

Four years, four long dreary years I must wait; but there was hope at the end. He would come again, my brave young lover. My mother helped me by setting me to work. I could make so many beautiful things for my future home in four years she said. I could paint; I could do a hundred things that would fill the time, and I should know that I was working for him.

One whole year passed by. Every mail brought me a letter, a glowing love-letter, and I was growing happy again. Only three years to wait now until I should see Mark under the lilacs again! Then clouds began to gather. Doctor Upton, who, although he had laughed at us as young lovers, had always been very kind to me, died suddenly. He fell down in the street,

and was carried home senseless.

He never spoke again. He died the same evening, to the grief and distress of every one who knew him. A chill fear crept into my heart; I could not tell why, but his father's death seemed to take me farther from Mark. The lawyers managed everything. The Doctor's practice was sold, also his house, and furniture; and the sum of money realized was sent to Mark in far-off India. The good Doctor was buried at Gracedieu, a new practitioner came, and the world about us went on as of old; but whenever I passed the empty house a great pain seized me.

Mark felt his father's death keenly. He wrote to me more lovingly than ever. He said that I was all that he had in the world now, and that he must, if he could, love me even more.

It was in May that the Doctor died, and for one year afterwards everthing went on as of old. I had but two years more to wait. Time passed more quickly. Only two years! My mother had ceased to warn me. She said no more to me about caution in love.

Three years had passed. I reminded myself every hour in the day that I had but one more year to wait. Mark's letters were full of love, full of eagerness and hope. He had been prosperous beyond expectation. He had never missed writing to me, until a day came when the Indian mail brought me nothing from him—not one word, not one line. It was the first time such a thing had occurred and my mother tried to comfort me.

The next mail brought me a letter, but the one after that did not, and my confidence was gone—I no longer felt sure that by every mail I should have news from my lover. Like the sharp thrust of a sword, an idea came to me one day, that the letters were shorter and colder. I hated myself for my miserable fancy. How dared I think such treason of my lover Mark? Then in the month of October my mother died, and after that the Indian mail brought me no more news of Mark—not a single line.

My mother never knew that a great cloud had overshadowed me. She did not know that my heart was breaking because I had no news from Mark.

Let me tell it quickly. My dear mother was buried, and I was alone in the world, save for my lover so far away—alone, save for him; and, when July of the next year should come, the four years would be ended, and he would return.

I thought deeply over my plans. It seemed useless now to leave the cottage; it was best for me to remain there until Mark came home again. Our old and faithful servant, Dorothy Clarke, was sufficient protection for me. I had money enough for one year, and I had my little income of twenty pounds per annum also. I had thought once of going away; but whither should I go—what could I do? And I must be here when Mark returned.

When Christmas came, I was still waiting, in dry-eyed, mute anguish, for the letter that I was never to receive. I wondered often that the golden hair of which my lover had been so proud had not turned gray. I was helpless in my great grief. I wrote to Mark. I told him that my mother was dead, and that I was alone in the cottage, waiting for him—that neither his silence nor absence shook my faith.

He might be ill; an accident might have happened to him—anything, everything would I believe, except that he had forgotten me. I never thought of that; it never occurred to me as a solution of the mystery of his silence. There was no one to whom I could appeal for news of Mark. His father was dead; the Rector of Gracedieu had not heard from him for many months; the lawyers who had forwarded the money realized by the sale of his father's property had not received any communication from him since he had sent the formal receipt for it. There was no one in Gracedieu who knew his present address. Mark had not seen much of Gracedieu. When the Doctor had bought his practice there, Mark was at school. He had made few acquaintances, and none of those had kept up a correspondence with him since he had left for India.

There was nothing to be done but to wait in patience as best I could. Every morning I rose, praying wildly to Heaven that I might hear from Mark that day; every night I lay down to sleep with bitter tears because a letter had not come. Every morning, week after week, month after month, I went to the gate to meet the postman.

He never had anything for me. He knew I wanted an Indian letter, and he would look at me with a piteous shake of the head, and pass on. But one morning, when the snow lay upon the ground and the bells were chiming, the postman came. He bade me no cheery "Good morning" as he placed a letter in my hands and hastened away. He seemed to know what had befallen me. Inside the envelope was my letter to India, returned to me through the Dead-Letter Office, and on it was written in an official hand, "Gone away—left no address."

CHAPTER IV.

THE words were ever before me in letters of fire—"Gone away—left no address!" Both by night and by day they beat upon my brain. Christmas passed; bright lovely spring was coming. What was I to do?

Mark had gone away and left no address. No letter, no prayer from me could reach him. In all the wide world I did not know where to look for him, where to send to him. He seemed as lost to me as though he had gone into another sphere.

What could I do? In the July of this year he was to come home and marry me; I was waiting for him. I had no other future, no other home, nothing else to which I could look forward. Where was he—my handsome, brave young lover, who had loved me so dearly and had worshipped me so entirely. Was he living or dead? Hope, health, strength, everything failed me except my faith; that was undimmed and untouched. If he was lying ill, unable to write, I knew he was thinking of me, longing for me; if he had been suddenly sent to some distant place on business, from which perhaps he was unable to send news to me, he would be miserable, as I was. Even if he was lying dead in the depths of the sea, his last thought had been mine. Every hour of the day and night this one question met me—What must I do? There were times when the impulse was strong upon me to go out into the wide world and search for him. Then faith and patience came to my aid. They said, "Wait here for him. He will come with the lilies and roses; wait in hope and patience."

The spring came and went. I avoided looking at the lilacs. Their perfume filled the air—but I avoided looking at them. My heart was sick, half dead with pain, and the sight of them would almost have killed me. Then June came with its roses. My little store of money was all gone, and I knew that I could not remain many weeks longer at the cottage. Mark would come in July, if he were living; and, if he did not come, I should know that he was dead. So, in desolation and anguish of heart, I counted the days. I dreaded at times to look in the mirror; I was so afraid that my hair had grown gray. The color had left my face, the light had died in my eyes; but July was coming.

Ah, me, can I ever forget the slow torture of that month? Every day I went to the group of trees where we had parted, to wait as I had promised. One by one the sultry days went by, and then I felt sure that he was dead. He would have come to me had he been living. My handsome, brave, true young lover was dead.

I could only pray to Heaven with weeping eyes that I might die too. During those long months of suspense I had lived through the suffering of a lifetime.

When the month of August came, I saw that part of my life was ended. I put on mourning for my lover. The sun of my life had set; I would mourn for Mark as wives sorrow for a beloved husband. I never thought of another lover, or of future comfort, or hope or happiness. Wherever he lay dead, there my heart was buried with him. The realities of life came upon me, and, I believe, saved me from going mad. I sold all my furniture and books, everything I possessed; I gave liberally to Dorothy, and bade farewell to my lovely old home. I was twenty-one when I went to London to seek my fortune. The first post I obtained was that of teacher of English in a boarding-school in France. I did not like it, and through the influence of one of the elder pupils I obtained an engagement in England—not a governess this time, but as companion to Lady York, who lived at a grand old place called Westwood, in Kent. I was glad enough to return to England. Before going to Westwood, I went to Gracedieu, with perhaps a forlorn hope that I might hear some news of Mark—of how he had died.

I went the old round—from the Rector to the lawyer, and from him to Mark's acquaintances. No one had heard one word. He was dead—Mark, my darling!—dead, and I was alone. There was but one thing before me—to live my life and pray that I might join him in heaven.

The phase of feeling that came to me was a strange one. There were times when it seemed to me as if I hardly lived in the world. I could see very often that people looked at me as though they did not quite understand me. How could they, when my heart and my senses were always with Mark in another world?

It was whispered from one to another that my lover was dead; and then to those who cared most for me there came a gleam of pity for one who had no earthly ties.

It was in the month of July that I went to Westwood. Lady Yorke was very candid with me. She told me that the one complaint she suffered from was ennui. She was lonely; she wanted amusement; she needed a cheerful companion. She should require me to spend the greater part of my time with her. I must read to her, answer her letters, send out her invitations. She would expect me to spend my evenings in the drawing-room, to sing when needed, take a hand at whist. She wrote most unreservedly to me. The life would be tedious, she owned; but then I should have a large salary and a comfortable home. It mattered little to me how I passed the remaining years of my life; as well might it be with Lady Yorke as with any one else. If the lady were ill, were really an invalid, I could perhaps help to cheer her.

On the second of July—I shall never forget the date—I found myself at the pretty station of Woodheston, the nearest town to Westwood. A luxurious carriage awaited me, and I enjoyed the drive. Every one knows how the sea washes the fair Kentish coast. Even amidst the odor of the flowers, the scent of the rich clover-meadows, and the fragrance of the rose-covered hedges, I distinguished the sea-breeze. The park was a beautiful undulating expense, full of the old trees of every variety of form, and carpeted with wild-flowers. The house was a grand old mansion that had been built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The sunlight fell on the great gables and the large windows. My courage almost failed me when I saw what a magnificent home mine was to be. I felt some little curiosity as to what Lady Yorke was like. I pictured her an invalid—pale, delicate, quiet. Before long I was in her presence, and I perceived my mistake. I saw at once that her chief malady was due to having had all she wanted all her life. She had never known trouble or care. She was a slender woman, with dark blue eyes and dark hair. An expression of languid discontent marred the beauty of her face. There was a line across her white brow that betokened temper, and something in the expression of her lips told the same story. The room was beautifully furnished and decorated. The lady herself was lying on a couch, doing nothing, neither reading nor working. She looked up with a glance of relief as I entered.

"Miss Chester," she exclaimed, with something of surprise, "I am glad to see you! I was just feeling as though I did not know what to do with myself. Pray sit down."

Lady Yorke did not look like a person who was easily amused. I took a seat as requested.

"I was greatly pleased with your references, Miss Chester. Madame de Delfand tells me that you are devout. Is it true?" She did not wait for an answer. "I am glad you have come," she continued; "time hangs heavily on my hands. May I ask for whom you are in mourning?"

Oh, Mark, how little that mourning expressed my true sorrow for you! I felt my lips tremble when I answered—

"For the gentleman to whom I was engaged, Lady Yorke."

"How very sad!" she said, just in the same tone in which she would have cried, "How very pleasant!" Then she looked at me with a smile. "You did not tell me that you were a beauty, Miss Chester."

"I did not know it," I replied. The only voice that had ever called me beautiful was hushed for ever.

"People of your way of thinking do not value the gift of personal beauty, I suppose," she remarked.

It was my turn to smile. "What do you mean by my way of thinking, Lady Yorke?"

"Madame tells me that your thoughts are more in heaven than on earth," she replied.

"The man I loved is in heaven," I said. "Where else could my thoughts be?"

"People are not often true to a dead love," said Lady Yorke calmly. "For my part, I do not see much use in it."

"Truth to the dead and truth to the living are one and the same thing," I said, with the rash presumption of one ignorant and inexperienced. I had known only one love and one faith—how could I judge of others?

"I hope that you will like your rooms," said Lady Yorke. "I told Masham, the housekeeper, to give you the most cheerful. They are in what we call the Queen's wing.' I hope you will be very comfortable, Miss Chester. I think you told me that you had no relatives?"

"No," I replied; "I am quite alone in the world."

"Ah, then," said Lady Yorke, with a pleasant smile, "you will be the better able to devote your time, thought, and attention to me!"

[TO BE CONTINUED].

Bric-a-Brac.

A BIG RIVER.—The Parana of Paraguay is a giant among rivers. It brings down, we are told, a volume of waters larger than all the rivers of Europe put together, and its current flows at the rate of three miles an hour. For upwards of six hundred miles its banks are so far asunder that one can nowhere catch a glimpse of both at the same time; and its bed is throughout that distance studded with low, large, intensely green, beautifully-wooded islands.

ODIOUS BEQUEST.—The Italian journals state that a wealthy person, of Florence, just deceased, has left a singular will. It declares that the greater part of his fortune shall go to the man with the largest hump on his back in all Tuscany, and that the person entrusted with the duty of selecting him shall be themselves twelve hump-backs. To recompense the latter for their trouble he directs that, in addition to traveling expenses, each shall be presented with a gold medal, bearing the effigy of Æsop, their prototype.

OFFICIAL CONSIDERATION.—In China, when it is desirable to get rid of some very influential official, it is done in a most polite manner. He is not condemned to death. He only receives a neat parcel containing a silken cord, with an imperial despatch setting forth that, in consequence of his great virtues and many services, the Emperor is graciously pleased to allow him to strangle or hang himself; and the recipient is thereupon supposed to write a careful answer, thanking his Majesty for his consideration, and stating that the hint will be immediately taken.

AN EMPEROR'S UNIFORMS.—The various uniforms worn by the German Emperor are positively legion. He possesses the trappings of nearly every regiment in his service. In addition to his he has the uniforms of two or three of the regiments belonging to the kingdoms, grand dukedoms, and principalities of which he is titular chief. He also possesses two or three uniforms of every European country, except France. Usually twenty-two tin cases are required for the traveling uniforms of his Majesty. His cocked-hat, helmets, and other headgear are in charge of a separate servant, and another menial has charge of his boots.

CUNNING GULLS.—An example of the cunning of gulls was observed at Tacoma, when several alighted on a bunch of logs that had been in the water for a long time, with the submerged sides thick with barnacles. One was a big gray fellow, who seemed to be the captain. He walked to a particular log, stood on one side of it close to the water, and then uttered peculiar cries. The other gulls came and perched on the same side of the log, which, under their combined weight, rolled over several inches. The gulls, step by step, kept the log rolling until the barnacles showed above the water. The birds picked eagerly at this food, and the log was not abandoned until every barnacle had been picked off.

FRAUD IN DIAMONDS.—An expert says that the "painting" of diamonds is a trick known to all dealers. To give yellowish Cape diamonds the appearance of white Brazilian or Indian diamonds, a man has only to dip them in aniline blue. The operation is so simple that not a few women practise it. They buy cheap diamonds and touch them up in an aniline bath just before wearing them. The appearance of the doctored diamonds deceives even the experts at the first glance. The layer of color wears off quickly, however, and the fraud is then evident. The difference between Cape diamonds and the Brazilian or Indian diamonds, which is the basis of the fraud, consists in the greater beauty and clearness of the latter, as well as in their greater durability. Yellow diamonds break easily.

IF THERE BE GLORY.

BY MAXWELL GREY.

If there be glory in the sun,
  If splendor on the sea,
Sweet music in all rills that run,
  Great God, it is of Thee.

Thy splendor broods on icy peaks
The torrent's thunder fills;
  It is Thy Majesty that speaks
  Among the lonely hills.

The maiden moon that strayeth lone
  And pensive through the sky,
Unlooseing from her silver zone
  Her largesse silently—

The solemn majesty of night,
  Its stillness and its stars,
The glory when, in growing light,
  The crimson days unbars—

If there be glory in the sun,
  If splendor on the sea,
Sweet music in all rills that run,
  Great God, it is of Thee.

God thought; worlds roll'd in sudden space;
  He spake, and life was there;
The universe in His embrace
  Reposes and is fair.

TWO PUT APART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GWEN DALE'S ORDEAL," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "A TERRIBLE WEEK," "MAJOR DALE'S PORTION," "UNDER COMPULSION," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Hilda Priestly is the daughter of Lady Mildred Priestly. She is somewhat interested in one Hugh Mackenzie, but marries rich Pierrepoint Hayes. There is a mystery hanging round the life of Hayes, in which two women named Anabel and Alice Mostyn are implicated. Pierrepoint, previous to his marriage, visits the former in Edinburgh, and shortly after his visit the house where she lived burns down and her body is supposed to be found in the ruins. At this time he wrote his name as "Peter Haynes" on the hotel register. After the marriage an anonymous letter is received by his wife charging him with these facts, general rascality and duplicity. She hardly believes it, but their marital relations became strained and they finally agree to live in a separated kind of way at Cruxwold. Hayes goes on a hunting excursion to Africa and Hilda advertises for a lady companion. These facts bring us to the present chapter.]

CHAPTER X.

TWO days after the conference between Hilda and Terry in the blue parlor the advertisement for a companion appeared both in the Times and the Morning Post, greatly to the pride of its authors, who read it over again and again to each other, in open surprise at their own cleverness.

"I don't believe it is really so difficult to write books, after all," observed Terry, in a tone of unconscious patronage. "You may depend on it, Hilda, that getting their writing into print has got a lot to do with the cleverness of authors. Just see how well that looks and reads, after all our fears about it!"

"What a lovely idea," cried Hilda, "to give the men at the printing-office equal credit with the author! I should like to see how some of our great novelists would look if you suggested such a thing to them!"

Terry joined in the laugh against herself with hearty goodwill.

"Besides," continued Hilda, with modest pride, "our advertisement is really well worded. See how much better it reads than any of the others! I don't choose to hand over my share of credit to the man that sets up the type, I assure you, Miss Sugden!"

"There's one mistake I think we have made, though," said Terry, looking grave as she glanced down the column of advertisements. "I don't think we ought to have put your name and address in full. I see nobody else has done it, except the agents. We ought to have had the answers sent to another name at the post-office."

"Oh, I don't think it matters, Terry! I rather like it; it gives a genuine look to the thing. I'm glad we did it!"

But she was inclined to alter her opinion a few hours hours later, when the afternoon post came in, and brought between sixty and seventy letters addressed to "Mrs. Pierrepoint Hayes, Cruxwold, Kent."

They were sitting under the beech-tree when Wilberforce brought the heavily-laden tray out to them.

"The afternoon post, ma'am," said the man stolidly, setting down his burden suddenly on the table before his mistress.

For a moment the two girls looked in mute surprise at the pile of envelopes, and then Terry cried, with a voice broken with laughter—

"Hilda, it's the advertisement!"

"My dear girl, what on earth are we to do now?" asked Hilda blankly, when Wilberforce was gone. "We are rather worse off than ever. How can we decide which is the best out of all that multitude? We are almost sure to pick out the very worst. Terry, let's walk across the park to the Rectory, and ask Mrs. Burtenshaw to help us! We shall make a miserable failure of this business by ourselves, I can see."

Miss Sugden was delighted to fall in with this suggestion, for the pile of letters had rather shaken her confidence in their ability to carry the affair through by themselves.

So the tray of letters was packed away in an empty cabinet drawer in the blue parlor, and locked up for Mrs. Burtenshaw's inspection in the morning. Then, having provided themselves with sunshades and gloves and called the dogs, they strolled quietly along the by-path leading to the church, and through the churchyard to the Rectory side-door.

Mrs. Burtenshaw was interviewing a lady who had called on business; but, when she saw them coming, she beckoned them in through the drawing-room window, and had got them inside the room before she remembered that it would have been better to have had them shown into another apartment until she had got rid of the previous caller. This impulsive homeliness was one of the qualities which were so fatal to her social prestige in the neighborhood.

Hubert was not at home, and the dogs, missing their usual playfellow, went sniffing round the tall lady in deep mourning who was eating cake and drinking tea at the other end of the room.

Hilda, fearing they might be a nuisance, went after them to call them off; but the lady raised a pair of large brown eyes and begged they might not be sent away.

"I love dogs," she said, in a low plaintive tone, which, in conjunction with her heavy mourning and her thin white face, aroused little Mrs. Hayes' sympathy at once—"they are so human, they enter so entirely into one's griefs and joys—at least, I have found it so."

"Well, everybody says they do, so I suppose it must be true," replied Hilda, with a winning smile. "For myself, I never own a dog until a few weeks ago, so I can't speak from personal experience. These cunning old soldiers of mine are always ready to enter into the joys of lumps of sugar and plum-cake—that I can testify to. Tittums, don't worry! Wastrel, lie down!"

Wastrel chose to translate this command into "Sit up," which he at once proceeded to do, looking from his mistress to the stranger and back again to his mistress in silent expectation.

Miss Fisher has only just come down from town," explained Mrs. Burtenshaw, when the laugh at Wastrel's begging was over. "She has been ordered into Kent for change of air, and came straight to Cruxwold, because she had heard of its quietness and beauty from a friend. She has come to me to know if I can recommend her any rooms, and I have advised her to go to the saddler's."

"Where she is going at once, with many thanks for your kindness," said Miss Fisher, in her low musical voice. It was not exactly an interruption, yet it came so quickly upon Mrs. Burtenshaw's last words as to suggest that they had been taken as a hint for her departure.

"I do hope we are not hurrying Miss Fisher," observed Hilda shyly, as the tall, exceedingly graceful woman rose and picked up her hand-bag. "She must be very tired after the long journey on this hot day, especially if her health——"

"Please don't say any more," interposed Miss Fisher, with a quick smile of gratitude. "My health is splendid; I am only a little tired from nursing. That will soon be all right again in this lovely place. Good morning, Mrs. Burtenshaw! Good morning, madam! Good-bye, Wastrel, you rogue!"

"What an interesting woman!" remarked Hilda, watching Miss Fisher down the garden path. "Who is she, Mrs. Burtenshaw? Do you know anything about her? How heavy her mourning is! How can she bear that thick crape veil over her face on such a sliding day as this!"

"I am glad you like her too," replied Mrs. Burtenshaw. "I took quite a fancy to her; but I haven't much faith in my own judgment."

"I think her manner is most attractive. She is not pretty—her face is too long and too thin—but her eyes are wonderful, and she has the loveliest voice I have ever heard—so tender and sweet, and sorrowful too."

"She has fascinated you, Hilda!" cried Terry jokingly; and Hilda answered smilingly—

"I believe she has."

"The poor soul seems to have a great deal of trouble in her time," said Mrs. Burtenshaw, returning to the subject again after she had given her orders for fresh tea. "She has just nursed her last relative on her death-bed. She buried her a week ago, and found herself left nearly penniless, instead of coming in for a few hundreds, as she anticipated."

"Poor thing! What is she going to do?"

"She doesn't seem to have quite made up her mind yet. She says the first thing necessary is to make herself presentable. She thinks nobody would engage such a broken-down-looking creature as she is just now. She has been confined to a sick-room for the last seven months—enough to wear any one out."

"Yes, indeed!" assented Hilda and Terry; and then they glanced significantly at each other.

"I suppose you have heard the news about Mr. Hayes' expedition after wild beasts, Mrs. Burtenshaw?" said Hilda presently.

"Why, yes—I had heard something about it; the Leiths mentioned it yesterday. The Rector and I dined at Barham Lodge last night, and Colonel Leith had heard it from somebody in the barracks at Canterbury. We hoped it was a false report."

"Oh, no, I don't think so!" returned Hilda unconcernedly. "It is always difficult for a man to settle down to civilization after he has once tasted the delights of a life in the wilderness."

Mrs. Burtenshaw was unable to find a suitable reply to this assertion, so she remained silent. If she had spoken out freely, she would have said that, if those were Mr. Hayes' sentiments, he ought to have remained a bachelor. However, she did not think it her part of her duty as the Rector's wife to sit in judgment upon her neighbors' domestic affairs.

"Mrs. Burtenshaw," resumed Hilda, conscious of all the censure such silence implied, "I don't like facing the thought of a winter alone, and so I am going to engage a lady-companion."

"A capital idea, I think, Mrs. Hayes!"

"Yes—but a little difficult to carry out; it is so hard to choose!"

"The fact is," said Terry, "that we want you to help us, Mrs. Burtenshaw. We thought we were going to be very clever and do it all by ourselves, but——"

Mrs. Burtenshaw laughed heartily when she heard of the butler's stately amazement at the afternoon mail.

"You foolish children," she exclaimed, "you will be inundated! You will have twice as many in the morning, and they will all be no use; you could not take anybody for such a post on written recommendations!"

"I wonder," said Hilda, with a little hesitation, "whether this is the sort of appointment that nice Miss Fisher is in search of?"

Mrs. Burtenshaw started at the suggestion and looked rather alarmed.

"Of course there is nothing to be said against it," she replied, speaking as though she were doing battle with her own convictions—"nothing in the world, provided her references are all satisfactory. She is certainly an utter stranger; but so would anybody be who came down to the place for the first time."

"Why, certainly they would!" exclaimed Hilda, mystified by the elder woman's manner. "We have had the advantage of seeing Miss Fisher; we do know she is presentable, which is more than we should know of any those letter-writers."

"But it seems such chance-work, your meeting here and having come down on this particular day. I don't believe in chance, you know, Miss Sugden."

"Nor do I," replied Terry, conscious that she had been staring rather rudely at the perplexed little lady; "but there would be no more chance-work about Miss Fisher than about anybody else if the reference question were thoroughly sifted—would there?"

"No, I suppose not. And it would certainly be a blessing to that poor worn-out creature." She turned suddenly to Hilda again. "Will you leave this matter in my hands, Mrs. Hayes? Will you let the Rector and me have the managing of it?"

"I shall be only too delighted!" rejoined Hilda heartily.

"Well, then, we will make it our business to see this lady again this evening; I will send her a note at once, asking for an interview, and we will see what the Rector thinks of her. If everything is satisfactory, we will apply for her at once. The duties and the salary you must discuss with her yourself."

"Oh, no, please," interposed Hilda, her cheeks flushing—"I shouldn't like that part of it at all! I should only want her to sit with me sometimes when I was dull or lonely; there would be no 'duties' except to keep me company. And about the salary—what do you think, Mrs. Burtenshaw? Would a hundred pounds be enough?"

"Ample, I should think; however, we will hear what she has to say."

"Now don't you call that just one of the happiest accidents you ever heard of?" cried Hilda, as she and Terry reached the park again on their homeward way. "If I can only get that sweet-mannered woman to come and keep me company, I sha'n't dread the winter a bit, Terry!"

"I believe I'm jealous," said Terry, with a laugh. "I thought I liked the idea at first, and now I find I don't. It must be jealousy—mustn't it?"

"No; you have caught Mrs. Burtenshaw's prejudice, dearest. There is not a touch of jealousy in you, Terry! That good little soul has biased you by her nervous nonsense."

But, whatever the cause might have been, Miss Sugden certainly did share Mrs. Burtenshaw's faintly expressed dislike of the scheme, and found herself secretly hoping that Miss Fisher would reject the offer.

Between nine and ten o'clock the Rector came strolling up in the moonlight, and asked to see Mrs. Hayes.

He found the two young ladies sitting on the low window-sill at the end of the long drawing-room. There was one lamp alight near the door, but all the rest of the large room was in darkness, save where the moonlight streamed in at the windows.

"May I come in?" asked Mr. Burtenshaw softly, peering up the long room in the direction of the pleasant girlish voices. "I'm afraid my presence is an intrusion, breaking in upon you at such an enchanted hour."

"Is it not magnificent?" exclaimed Hilda, waving her hand towards the moon, which was low and yellow, with a faint tracery of evening mists sweeping now and then across her face. "We have been sitting here for the last half-hour, and we can't tear ourselves away from it. Sentimental ballads or the evening papers seem so feeble and commonplace after such a sight as this!"

"Like Offenbach after Handel," murmured Terry.

Mr. Burtenshaw smiled down upon the two girls very indulgently.

"I hardly know whether I ought to break in upon your exaltation with material affairs," he said. "If you can't condescend to newspapers and songs, I'm afraid lady-companions will not be acceptable as a subject of——"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" cried Hilda, turning from the window at once. "For the moment I had forgotten all about Miss Fisher. Have you seen her? Will she come? Tell us all about it!"

"I have only just left her. Yes—she will come, if you think she will suit you. She is a little doubtful as to her own cheerfulness; but she will recover that as she gets stronger. She gave me her references—the woman of the house where she has been staying with her aunt, and the clergyman of the parish. It is her first attempt at getting a situation, you know, Mrs. Hayes, so she is not able to offer you testimonials from a former employer."

"I don't mind that at all."

"So Mrs. Burtenshaw said. Well, I am to write to those good folk, and, if they are willing to be security for her unblemished reputation, I suppose the thing will be settled?"

"Thank you very much for the trouble you are taking, Mr. Burtenshaw!"

"Not at all. I am very glad you went to my wife. Such negotiations require a little experience."

"And what do you think of Miss Fisher, Mr. Burtenshaw?" inquired Terry. "How has she impressed you? I should have said. Do you like what you have seen of her?"

"I think so, Miss Terry. Her manner is charming—a little too subdued perhaps, but that will pass as her grief lessens. Yes—I was charmed with what I saw of her."

Hilda looked at Terry with a sly laugh.

"I believe Terry was hoping she had not found favor in your sight, Mr. Burtenshaw. She and Mrs. Burtenshaw have both taken a dislike to the idea of Miss Fisher coming to me without any reason except that of our meeting by a mere chance."

"Has my wife taken a dislike to Miss Fisher?"

"Not to her personally, but to my plan of having her here."

"I wish I had known that."

"I do not," returned Hilda promptly. "I think it was exceedingly wise as well as kind of Mrs. Burtenshaw to form your own opinion on the matter."

"She meant well, I am sure, Mrs. Hayes; but I would rather take the opinion of a kind-hearted woman upon one of her own sex than that of half a dozen men."

"But Mrs. Burtenshaw liked Miss Fisher immensely."

"Yes—but evidently not as a companion for you, my dear little lady. You might like dozens of people in a careless good-natured way as ordinary acquaintances, and yet not care to introduce them into your daily life. However, we cannot very well draw back now just because my wife has taken a notion; but I shall be doubly careful in my inquiries."

The conscientious gentleman carried out his promise; but his elaborate string of questions led to nothing. Miss Fisher and her aunt, Mrs. Pettigrew, had come to Worthing with a glowing letter of introduction from the clergyman of their own parish; they had resided there for nearly a year, during which time Miss Fisher had been the most affectionate and attentive of nurses to her aged relative, and a model of all that a lady should be. The letter expressed regret and surprise that Miss Fisher had found it necessary to seek an engagement, as the general impression had been that she was left with sufficient means to maintain her, and finished with a warm expression of the writer's opinion that anybody securing the service of Mrs Fisher as lady-companion was to be sincerely congratulated.

This settled the matter. Hilda went to call upon Miss Fisher at the saddler's, and told her, in her pretty pleasant way, that she would expect her that day week, when Miss Sudgen would have gone back to her own home.

CHAPTER XI.

THIS question of the companion settled, Hilda wrote to Hugh Mackenzie explaining her delay—though without alluding to Pierrepoint's future plans—and telling him she would be very pleased to entertain him during the last week of September.

"You cannot fail to be delighted with Cruxwold," she wrote, "and, though I cannot promise you shooting, as Pierrepoint has decided to give the coverts a year's rest, there will be plenty to amuse you for a week."

Hugh smiled when he read this last sentence.

"Is she anxious to make me understand that my stay must not exceed the week, I wonder?" he asked himself. "She must be changed indeed if she tires of my society in seven short days. I don't think she will, somehow. I wish I could get at the real truth about this African trip. Does it mean a serious split, or is it only the natural outcome of Hayes' wandering vagabond instincts? It's cruel, whichever it is, to run away for six months and leave that poor little girl down there all alone, within three months of his marriage too. The ill-bred brute might have shown a little more respect for form. But what could one expect from a man of his type? That lovely child's sweetness and refinement are utterly thrown away upon him. If all one hears about him is true, a lady from the front row of the ballet would have been more in his line than my dainty little cousin; it is a clear case of casting pearls before swine!"

* * * * * *

Mr. Betterton reached Cruxwold in time for dinner on the Friday evening. The sight of Terry's face and the sound of her voice during the next two days had a most exhilarating effect on those who came within their influence, with one exception. The spectacle of her friend's happiness made Hilda wretched.

During the ten days she had spent alone with Terry she had felt like an unfettered girl again, only remembering her new responsibilities now and then when she was receiving or paying a duty call in the neighborhood, and forgetting them the next moment in Terry's clever good-natured remarks concerning the oddities they had left behind them. All this was changed now. Hilda knew that Terry's courtship had hitherto been subject to the most heart-breaking difficulties, and did all she could to make those two long summer days one sweet unbroken dream of happiness for the unselfish lovers. She had a knack of vanishing in an astonishing manner, and turning up again just in time to remind them of the dressing-hour or the luncheon-gong, after they had enjoyed a tete-a-tete of two or three hours' duration. Terry had never been quite so happy before.

But those long periods of "daisy-picking" gave Hilda too much time for thought, and, seeing Terry's bliss in the love of a good man, and realising that all such possibilities were shut out of her own life for ever, she began to blame her husband with intense bitterness for the share he had taken in the destruction of her possibilities of happiness. Mingled with his deeper feeling there was also a touch of ever increasing resentment at the scant courtesy with which he treated her. During his fortnight's absence she had received but one communication from him, which ran thus—

"My dear Hilda—I leave Horsmanton for town to-morrow—the 25th—after then address any communications for me to the Junior Councillors', Paul Mall.

"Always yours,

PIERREPOINT HAYES."

That was all—no allusion to his future movements, not a word on the subject of the coming African expedition, not a hint to say whether he intended to pay her the compliments of bidding her a formal "Good-bye." He was content to leave her to find out just as much about him as the newspapers told her, and nothing more. Was it not enough to make her hot and hurt and angry? she asked of the waving trees and the whispering bracken and the passing clouds, as she strolled about waiting for the happy lovers who were "admiring the view" from the top of a knoll or "fern-hunting" at the bottom of the next glade, oblivious of the flight of time.

Those infatuated people had so much important business of their own to talk about that they found very little time for the discussion of other people's. On the Sunday evening, however, as they were strolling about in the twilight, having loitered until they were too late for church, they met Miss Fisher; and Terry was suddenly seized with a strong desire to stop and introduce her lover; after doing which, she turned and strolled back towards the village by Miss Fisher's side.

"We hoped we should get back to the park gates without being found out, Miss Fisher," said Terry. "We really intended going to church, but the night was so warm, and we were so lazy, that we were late and turned back. It is too bad of us, for we made piety our excuse for leaving Mrs. Hayes alone!"

"I too thought it too hot for church," Miss Fisher answered, throwing back her heavy veil.

As she spoke, Betterton turned his head abruptly and glanced swiftly at her face. His sudden movement seemed to startle her, for she returned his glance almost nervously.

"I should not be surprised if we had a storm before morning," remarked Terry.

"It is certainly warm enough," replied Miss Fisher, in a tone of indifference as she turned again to Terry. "I think the church must have been stifling. I don't know what that kind little Mrs. Burtenshaw will think of me for not going. She told me that her husband was to preach to-night; and I have not even so good an excuse as you for preferring a walk in the quiet twilight."

Terry laughed, and Betterton observed rather stiffly—

"I think Miss Sugden took compassion upon me because she knows how little country air I have been getting lately. I have scarcely had a glimpse of green this summer, Miss Fisher, except the grass in the Temple Gardens."

"The Temple! Do you live in the Temple, then? Ah, you are a barrister! I guessed it by your voice the moment you spoke."

"It is odd," he said, smiling, "that your voice struck me too! I was not clever enough to guess your calling from it, but it sounded familiar to me—no, perhaps not even familiar; but, at any rate, I imagined I had heard it before."

"It is hardly probable, I think."

"No—I suppose not. It must be that yours is similar to one that I know. I have rather a keen ear for voices, Miss Fisher. I can sometimes judge of the trustworthiness of a witness by his voice."

"Dear me! Isn't that rather alarming for me after what you have just said? I hope the person whose voice mine resembles is trustworthy, Mr. Betterton?"

"I can't remember who it is, Miss Fisher."

"I think you are rather unkind," she said very gently. "Don't you, Miss Sugden? First you imply that you can tell a person's character by that person's voice, and then you won't tell me how much of myself my voice betrays. I don't want you to tell a falsehood; say I am wicked, if you think so, or if you should judge me to be so from my voice."

"I could not judge you by your voice—it is too well under control," he answered, with smooth politeness. "I could no more judge you by your voice, Miss Fisher, than I could tell by the polish on it whether a table was solid wood or thin veneer. Polish is not always a proof of intrinsic excellence, I think."

There was just enough badinage in his tone to redeem the remark from any offensive meaning.

"Which I suppose is a roundabout way of telling me that I have a not unpleasant voice," observed Miss Fisher, with perfect amiability; and then she resumed her conversation with Terry. "I hear Mr. Hayes leaves this week—at least, Mrs. Burtenshaw showed me an announcement of his departure on Wednesday. No doubt that was why Mrs. Hayes fixed Thursday for my coming; she would not care to have a stranger present at the adieu between herself and her husband. It is a long absence—six months—and she looks so fragile; it is wonderful that he should care to leave her for so long."

"I think it sounds a more dreadful separation than it is," said Terry lightly. "Traveling is done very quickly nowadays; he could get home soon if he wanted to do so, you see."

"True," replied Miss Fisher; and by that time they had reached the saddler's, and "Good nights" were spoken.

Terry and her lover turned once more to the still and silent road leading to the Cruxwold gates.

"We had better go back this way, Jim," she said. "It is a half a mile farther; but, if we go on through the village and home by the churchyard, we shall most likely rush into the arms of the people coming out of church."

The extra half-mile was an additional attraction for Jim, so they strolled back contentedly through the fragrant obscurity of the autumn evening.

"Well," said Terry presently, "what do you think of Miss Fisher, Jim?"

"Who is she, Terry? Is she a very intimate friend of Mrs. Hayes? I suppose so, as she is going to stay with her."

"Intimate? Well, I hardly know; but Hilda has a great liking for her. Do you like her, Jim?"

"Don't know enough of her to say. She's not a woman to be taken on trust, Terry—I'm sure of that. She may be a very good woman, but she might be something different. I'll tell you what she is—she's a woman who is never off her guard. It doesn't follow that there is any harm in her reticence, you know—only, as a matter of taste, I prefer a more candid disposition. She certainly has a charming voice."

Terry felt worried; she had great faith in Betterton's discernment. She was silent for a few minutes; and presently Betterton, without any apparent reason, began quoting from The Merchant of Venice.

"'I could teach you
How to choose right; but then I am forsworn.
So will I never be—so may you miss me!
But, if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn.'"

"I wouldn't tell you before," remarked Terry, "because I wanted to hear what you thought of her—she is coming to stay the whole winter with Hilda as her companion."

"Is she; though? Well, I don't see that she can do any harm."

"Harm, Jim! What on earth do you mean?"

"Just that. Hayes is not a ladies' man. I don't think it would be of much use her trying the fascination of her eyes and voice on him. By-the-bye, what did she mean about Hayes' going to Africa?"

"Didn't you know he was going?"

"No; and, what is more, I don't believe it. At any rate, I was talking to him for a good half-hour the night before I came down here, and he never said a word about it."

"Perhaps he thought you knew."

"Still I think he would have mentioned it, Terry because it struck me that he seemed rather hard up for an excuse when he was expressing his regret at not being here to receive me. It stands to reason that, if he had had such a good excuse ready to his hand as the preparations for this trip would have given him, he would have trotted it out."

Terry felt the force of this argument, and relapsed into thoughtful silence. If Mr. Hayes were not going away after all, how would he regard Miss Fisher's engagement and cousin Hugh's projected visit?

Betterton, left to himself, resumed his quotations, rolling them out on the evening stillness as if he enjoyed the sound of his own voice.

"Did Mr. Hayes say nothing about returning to Cruxwold, Jim?"

Jim dropped his poetry and came back to every-day matters again with pleasant alacrity.

"I don't remember that he did, dear. No—I'm sure he didn't. I hope there is no bother on, Terry. I like him very much, and Mrs. Hayes is one of the sweetest little creatures in the world. I always thought she was too heavily handicapped by her mother before her marriage. She is as lively as a kitten by nature. Did you hear her laughing at luncheon to-day, when I got the dogs on their hind-legs all in a row? She'd be full of fun and frolic if she were perfectly happy."

"She's a darling!" Terry rejoined, with hearty emphasis. "She is the most generous-minded girl I've ever known!"

"And I'm sure he's a good fellow. Why don't they hit it off, Terry? I should have thought he was just the man to take the fancy of a delicate little thing like that. Your fragile women invariably admire big powerful men; and he's stalwart enough to please any woman, I should think."

"I think he makes a mistake in keeping away, Jim."

"Well, that's my opinion too; it's giving himself away, you know. But unluckily one can't even convey a hint in matters of this kind unless you're thoroughly intimate with a fellow. I think it is bound to come all right in time; he is one of the patient persevering kind, and he loves her to distraction. There is only one thing that would be like to separate them permanently, and that is a previous attachment on her part."

Terry suddenly stood still and gazed vacantly across an open glade in the park to where a faint tone of warmth in the sky told of the past glories of the sunset. She was thinking of the passionate tears Hilda had shed on the balcony in Wilton Crescent only two days before her wedding—tears which she could not help knowing had been caused by an interview with Hugh Mackenzie. Was Hilda really and truly in love with her handsome and heedless cousin? If so, what chance was there of future happiness for her or her husband? Without being cynical or spiteful, she could not help thinking that there was more danger from Hugh Mackenzie's allowing himself to slip into a questionable position with a woman who had an income of fifteen hundred a year settled on her for life than with a girl who had nothing to bestow upon him but her blameless name and her beauty. It was all very puzzling and distressing. Should she tell Hilda of Jim's doubt concerning the trip to Africa? She turned to put the question to Jim himself, and found he had moved a short distance away from her, and was standing with his hat in his hand while he gazed in dreamy appreciation over the wide reaching restful landscape before him. He was quoting again, murmuring the words softly.

This time she looked at him rather curiously.

"Good gracious, Jim, have you Portia on the brain?" she cried. "Can't you give me a line of somebody else's for a change—Shylock's or Bassanio's or Lancelot's? You've done nothing but quote Portia for the last half-hour."

"I can't get the lines out of my head somehow," he said laughingly. "They are haunting me. It's funny too, for I've not heard the play since I was in Edinburgh early in the year."

"Do you think I had better give Hilda a hint that she is possibly mistaken about her husband's plans for spending the winter abroad?"

"I don't know. What made her think he was going?"

"I'm not sure—Hilda has not confided in me, you know—but I am afraid she has had only the information in the papers to guide her."

"As bad as that?" he murmured pitifully. "Well, I think I should leave things alone, Terry. If you know all about the trouble, it would be different; but ignorant interference is almost bound to do more harm than good, no matter how kind the intention may be. I should leave it alone, dear."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LONELY LANDSCAPE.

BY LONGMAN.

The place again—
The wooded height—the widening plain—
The whispered pines—the dry-leaved oaks, too young
To cast their dead dreams ere the new be sprung!

Yet, ah! not vain
To visit thy fair haunts again—
To trace thy footprints by the upturned stone,
And conjure back thy looks, thy words, thy tone!

And to mine eyes,
Undazzled by thyself, doth rise
An image lovelier and more like to thee
Than even thy bodily self which sight can see.

Ah! the wind shakes
The withered leaves, and love awakes;
And to the vacant landscape cries in vain:
"Ah, heaven! to have her at my side again!"

The Soiled Robe.

BY W. R. B.

DO YOU like fairy-tales? If so, listen to a new one. If not, turn over the page; or better still, now that everybody that can get a day's holiday is off to the country, hunt up a "Fairy-ring" on the hill-side, and try to find out how it came here.

Perhaps no city was ever the scene of greater bustle and confusion than was the capital of a certain kingdom, at the time I am going to tell about. I shall just call it the Capital, because even were I to get another name nobody would be any the wiser.

Modern maps do not contain its proper appellation, and a search in the Gotha Almanac for further particulars respecting the personages I write about would be equally fruitless. Grave historians would turn up their noses at the very idea of such a thing, but, after all, these events are just as well authenticated as many histories are.

But why mention dates or places in a fairy story? Everybody will guess the event happened long ago, and once upon a time is quite near enough.

I said there was a bustle in the Capital, and the cause was this. The king's only daughter, then considered the loveliest woman in the world, was about to bestow her hand on the most charming prince in the universe. All the milliners and dressmakers in the Capital were stitching away at the trousseau, as though life depended on their exertions. As for the dresses for the bridesmaids and ladies-in-waiting, they were fairly put out of the city to be made, there were so many.

Now to describe the dresses I should need the tongues of all these milliners—beside, they call things by such different names when a few years are past—so I shall content myself with a description of the bridal robe only. This was truly wonderful on account of its marvellous whiteness.

The palest silk was chosen from all the cocoons in the empire, and after being duly bleached, was woven into a fabric of surpassing richness and beauty. Nothing at all resembling it had ever been seen before. That it might remain unrivalled, the pattern was destroyed the instant the work was completed; for so intricate was the design, that without it the bridal robe could never be reproduced. In fact, some of the courtiers said they really must decline looking at it except through blue spectacles, lest their sight should suffer, as it sometimes does, through gazing too long at the glittering snow.

To guard against disappointment, the Bridal Robe was completed long before the day appointed for the wedding, and then placed in a glass case, like the Kohinor in the Great Exhibition, where any person was permitted to view it. Crowds flocked to avail themselves of the permission, and it was amusing to hear their exclamations of wonder and delight.

"Ah," said one; "if the Bridal Robe seems beautiful now, what will it be to see our dear princess wear it?"

"As though any person could look at the dress in that case," said another. "Were she within sight I know I should have eyes only for her lovely face, so I make sure of seeing this wonderful robe beforehand."

This pretty compliment was overheard by a maid of honor, who told the princess, and she rewarded the loyalty of the speaker by a place at Court. And this showed the princess' natural discrimination, for Nature had originally intended the man for a courtier; but from a careless blunder of hers he had been born in a cottage with no one near to appreciate his clever sayings, or to understand that his superior genius was the cause of his idleness. What a lucky thing that the beautiful princess corrected his mistake, and put the man in his proper place!

The fairies were prodigiously busy all this time, for it would have ill become them to be idle in the midst of the universal bustle.

Now fairies, as is well known, differ in disposition quite as much as human beings do. Some are good, some bad, and a vast number either, according to the circumstances in which they find themselves.

But perhaps it is not a thing generally known, and I really do believe Mr. Timbs has forgotten to mention it in his clever book which tells us so much we never thought of before; but fairies, though all dressed in green, wear robes of very different shades of color.

Those of the good are of a lovely blue-tinted green, as partaking of the nature of the sky, in the bad yellow is the predominant hue, and the rest wear what is termed neutral. Moreover the color varies just as the disposition of the wearer changes.

As the wedding day approached, great numbers of the blue-green fairies busied themselves in bestowing unseen aid on the crowd of weary workers in and about the palace. If the tired hands of a little seamstress dropped on her lap, straight one called Hope would remind her of the comforts this extra work would bring to her poor home, or hinted that perchance promotion might follow well executed tasks.

Or another called Affection would whisper—to the heart, not the head—how some dear friend might be made the happier by a little gift which she would be able to purchase when her task was completed. And, sure enough, when all else failed, this last thought would make the fingers fly faster than ever. The remembrance of those we love is better than a spur to push us onward! The good fairies know that full well.

Others belonging to the race of a fairy named Good Will were ever on the look-out to be of use. Did a poor porter seem ready to sink with fatigue, they would remove the loose stones from his path and noiselessly lighten his burthen.

The very wisest and best amongst them, such as Experience, Prudence, Modesty, and Humility, strove to whisper good counsels in the ears of the princess and her fair attendant maidens. But unfortunately they were so accustomed to listen to certain yellow-tinted fairies called Flattery, Vanity, and Pride, that the attempt scarcely met with the success it merited.

So most of them gave up trying; resolved not to obtrude their services till they were really needed, being well assured that a time would come in the life of those gay creatures, when they would be thankful to find a kind fairy beside them.

It would only be unpleasant to relate all the tricks of the yellow-tinted fairies. Enough to say they were as opposite as possible to those of their good brothers and sisters.

The wedding day was fast approaching. Twelve maidens, the fairest and most nobly born in all the land, were chosen to dress the princess on her bridal morning, and afterwards to accompany her to the altar. Amongst these was a damsel so lovely, that she was universally allowed to be second only to the royal bride herself.

The young nobles raved about the Lady Ida. One praised her soft, golden hair; another her bright blue eyes; while the poor declared she was an angel of charity and goodness.

As far as riches went, the Lady Ida was by far the poorest of the twelve; and her being selected as first bridesmaid, on account of her exceeding loveliness, had caused no small amount of envy. Still, the preference did not make the fair girl herself one whit the prouder.

So far from that, she would steal away from the bustle and splendor of the court whenever she was permitted. But even that did not suit. The young ladies said she only ran away to be more sought after. The old dowagers declared they scarcely knew what to think, but shook their heads, and said time would tell what great attraction kept her at the castle of her widowed mother; when at court she might be a star, second in magnitude only to her royal mistress.

You see people always refuse to believe that others may be acting from a good motive, so these old ladies ignored altogether the possibility of Ida's staying through filial affection.

Even the most charitable amongst these high-born dames felt indignant at Ida's conduct, and hinted "that if even people were beautiful they need not give themselves airs." Or else they said, "it was all affection."

This last is a very convenient remark to make when we want to say something unpleasant of a person, and know of nothing to their disadvantage.

Now the truth was, the Lady Ida, being but weak and ailing, preferred the quiet of her own home to the show and glitter of the court; and Ida herself, though loving innocent gaiety, as it was natural for a young girl to do, had learned to find her truest happiness in administering to the wants of her parent. But the poor sick countess being of a retiring disposition, as well as weak in body, people said she was affected too, and would not come to court because she could not make so great a show as some did of the same rank.

Three days before that appointed for the wedding, all the attendants were commanded to assemble in order to receive final instructions as to the parts they were to take on the grand occasion. Matters were in an advanced stage of preparation, and the night before this rehearsal was to take place both mortals and fairies allowed themselves a little breathing time.

Amongst the yellow-green fairies one of the most conspicuous, called Addertongue—she is still living, and as fresh as ever, but goes by the name of Scandal now—looked very discontented. There is something so insidious about this wicked old fairy that it would be well to warn mortals against her; for she goes creeping into the midst of pleasant society; and though all profess to despise her, few refuse to listen to her tales. The older she grows, the stronger she becomes, and she cannot be even once listened to without taking something from the purity of the heart which entertains her.

Addertongue sat invisible in the apartment which contained the spotless bridal robe. She was excessively annoyed to think that people had been too busy to pay much attention to herself. Industry is always a foe to Scandal you know.

A neutral fairy named Idlemind or Gossip, whose robe had been gradually yellower, had for some weeks associated with Addertongue, and was even then her companion.

"What shall we do with ourselves to-morrow?" asked she of Addertongue.

"Something it would puzzle all the blue-greens to undo," replied Addertongue. "But let me hear your plans. I am dying of ennui, and perhaps I may help you out a little."

"I think my contrivance is first-rate, and quite worthy of a yellow fairy," said the poor foolish neutral, beginning to exult in her power of doing mischief, and proud to show that her companion's lessons were by no means thrown away.

"Well, tell me all about it," said Addertongue, "and then I can judge."

"You see the bridal robe, there, in the glass case?" said Idlemind.

"Of course I do," said Addertongue; "what of it?"

"What of it?" echoed the neutral fairy. "Why, something that would set people's tongues in motion, and I love to do that. What should you think if I contrive to soil the purity of that wonderful robe?"

"Is that all?" said Addertongue.

"All! I should rather think so, and enough too," said Idlemind. "Just fancy the confusion and the vain efforts that will be made to find out who did the mischief. It will delay the wedding, and I shall have rare fun, for no one can find me out."

"But how will you execute your plan?" said Addertongue; "the glass covers it."

"There is a tiny crack in the glass through which I can creep," said Idlemind. "Those stupid mortals will never find me out. Now, what is your plan?"

"Oh," said Addertongue, "mine is quite a masterpiece of art, yet will cost me no trouble. I shall but give a little hint of what I want done to one of those stupid mortals as you have justly called them. It is truly astonishing even to myself, how they seize and act upon my suggestions, even to the destruction of each other. But do not fancy that I shall let you into the whole of my secret at present. I will only tell you that I mean to sully the purity of something of far more real consequence than even the bridal robe itself, though no one will deem it of half as much. Now, good-night! I am tired, and must rest."

No more was said, but the neutral fairy rose very early the next morning. She had not rested well, for in the still night came thoughts which threatened to hinder the execution of her project. She had some remnants of better feeling left, and she began to think that her intercourse with Addertongue had not after all brought her much happiness.

It was certainly amusing enough to think of the consternation which would be caused by the discovery of a spot on the bridal robe; and had she executed the plan the moment it was formed, she would have had time to think of nothing else, the idea had seemed so delightfully ingenious. But in the still night she had been oppressed by musings of a less pleasant kind. She then thought of the young pair, so loving and handsome, and almost hated herself for plotting to delay their union. Fortunately for herself, she was less wicked than she had taken pains to appear in the eyes of Addertongue.

How strange it is, but there are mortals nowadays who are just as ambitious to excel in evil! But Idlemind had mentioned her plan, and boasted of the intended mischief. She was ashamed to go back. Like many a mortal in this also poor Idlemind was more afraid of being ridiculed for doing right, than of confirming a wrong intention by a wicked action.

After much cogitation the neutral fairy decided on a middle course. Taking a leaf from a faded rose, and a few threads from a spider's web, so fine that only the fairy pearls, which we call dew drops, that were threaded upon it rendered it visible, she crept within the glass case.

Then with such tiny stitches as only fairy hands can take, she sewed the leaf upon the most conspicuous part of the Bridal Robe. It looked ugly enough when done, and now, thought Idlemind, "I will just enjoy the fun of seeing the dismay this will cause, and then after a little while I will make all right again by undoing the stitches. I shall puzzle the people twice, and do no harm after all—only frighten them a little."

She crept away, and soon after the whole palace was astir. Bright eyes sparkled at sight of the magnificent dresses prepared for their owners, and bevies of graceful forms flitted through every room. But one fair girl was missing. The lady Ida had not arrived, though the hour was past, and all save herself were assembled.

Hitherto the favor of the princess had shielded Ida from any open attack, but this time she was herself angry. "It is plain," said she, "that the Lady Ida presumes upon the kindness with which she has been treated, since she has not even explain the cause of her absence, or deigned to ask permission to stay away."

A murmur of indignant assent ran round the spacious saloon, and every face in it reflected the displeasure expressed by the princess against this bold absentee.

At this moment the project of the fairy Addertongue was ripe for execution. She fluttered noiselessly and invisibly round, and breathed on each member of that brilliant assembly, beginning with the princess herself.

To be sure, what a commotion ensued! The taste for scandal once excited, the place was inundated by ill-natured remarks to the disparagement of the absent Ida. Still it was not easy to accuse the poor girl of anything worse than disrespect for the princess, disobedience to the command, or affectation.

The accusations did not satisfy Addertongue, who saw that since the royal lady had been breathed upon she had manifested a strong disposition to condemn her absent favorite.

The princess now summoned the physician who attended the Lady Ida's mother, to inquire if he could furnish any information.

The doctor came, but could tell nothing. The countess, he said, was certainly very ill when he visited her on the preceding evening, at her castle, a few miles from the Capital, but he had then assured the Lady Ida that her mother's life was in no danger.

"Then what attraction can she have at that old castle?" said the angry princess, with an impatient stamp of her pretty foot.

"I know of none but——"

"Filial love, please your royal highness," was what the doctor meant to add, but at that instant an old dowager, especially fond of Addertongue, gave his arm a pinch, and darted a knowing look at him under his spectacles.

The doctor had enough to do to refrain from crying out, and only the presence of royalty restrained him. As it was, he gave his shoulders an involuntary shrug, which caused his half-uttered reply to convey a different impression from the one he intended to give.

"Ah!" said the princess, "the good doctor knows more than he is willing to tell. Never mind. Prudence is commendable in your profession. You shall not be pressed to speak."

The poor doctor was quite bewildered at the effect of that unlucky gesture. He protested that he meant nothing by it; but all in vain; his audience terminated before he succeeded in obtaining credence, and he departed feeling that he had done harm where he wished to be of service.

During this time Addertongue was indulging in convulsions of noiseless laughter.

"Do you understand my plot, now?" she asked of Idlemind, as soon as she could manage to speak.

"Yes," replied Idlemind. "I understand that you wish to sully the spotless name of the Lady Ida, but I hope you will not succeed."

"Not succeed?" said Addertongue. "The thing is done already. That shrug of the doctor's shoulders completed it." And again she laughed violently.

"I do not see how that could do any harm," said Idlemind.

"Then you are not aware that in cases of this kind mortals judge less from what they actually hear than from what is left unsaid," returned Addertongue. "It is not so much from what they actually know as from what they wish to know that the mischief arises. I prevented the completion of the doctor's sentence; but, each of his listeners being at the moment under my influence, the blank will soon be filled up. Before night it will be circulated with a thousand variations, and no person will be able to distinguish falsehood from truth."

Now, the real cause of the Lady Ida's absence was the increased illness of her mother. The preceding night proved the crisis of her disease. But the messenger sent to explain this, to ask the forgiveness of the princess, and recall the doctor, had been seized by robbers, whilst passing through a wood, and thus prevented from executing his mission.

It was well that poor Ida did not know all that was occurring at court during the hours of suspense she endured, while vainly straining her ear to catch the first sound of the physician's approach.

As Addertongue had said, plenty of people were found to furnish the doctor's sentence for him, and soon quite a dark tale was made out.

One zealous individual recollected having seen a handsome page who sometimes brought letters to the Lady Ida from her mother; and what with nods, winks, and shrugs, a nice story was soon in circulation.

But the grand rehearsal could not be delayed, for the princess was impatient to judge of the effect of all the wedding grandeur together. The eleven bridesmaids prepared to remove the glass shade from the wonderful robe, when a shriek of horror burst from all on discovering a brownish ugly spot on the most conspicuous part.

Some of those who had been the busiest in darkening the spot which Addertongue had affixed to the fair name of the Lady Ida, fainted at the sight of the Soiled Bridal Robe.

The princess herself surveyed the scene with terrible calmness. She only shook her head; but such wonderful expression lurks in the smallest gesture of royalty, that everybody discovered in an instant that she blamed the absent first bridesmaid.

Thus the scandal gathered with every turn, like a snowball, and the story flew round that Lady Ida had irreparably injured the peerless Bridal Robe.

Addertongue was in an ecstacy of delight, and congratulated Idlemind on having actually, though unconsciously, helped her to execute her plan. "But," said she, "numbers of people aid me in a similar manner, while professing to detest me."

The neutral fairy was, however, far more disposed to regret her share in the mischief than to rejoice in its success, for Idlemind only aimed, as most gossips do, at making something to talk about, and never for a moment wish to hurt the beautiful Ida. She stole hastily away to repair the mischief, but the Robe room was crowded with eager courtiers denouncing vengeance against the imaginary culprit. So she was compelled to wait, for though she was invisible the spot was not.

At length Idlemind found herself alone. Tremblingly she crept in, undid the tiny cobweb threads, and once more the Bridal Robe shown in unbroken purity. Rejoicing in her success she now sought Addertongue to induce her if possible to undo her work also.

The yellow fairy was quite disgusted both with the applicant and her request. "Go," said she. "You are not worthy to enjoy the society of a yellow fairy, poor, undecided wretch! Know that my work is ever so perfectly accomplished that even I am powerless to undo it. Away! Intrude yourself no more into my society."

The neutral fairy sadly and silently withdrew. Bitterly did the misguided creature now rue her part in the mischief. She found how easy it is to do wrong—how hard to stop after having once begun.

In anger of mind Idlemind next sought one of the wisest and best of the blue-tinted fairies, who was named Puretongue, or Truth, and asked her aid.

"Alas!" replied Puretongue; "we might as well try to divert the lightning from its course as to stay what Addertongue has set in motion. Scandal gains strength by opposition, because so many mortals are disposed to believe evil rather than good. All we can do is to hover round the Lady Ida and whisper words of consolation to her young heart."

That same evening the fair Ida knelt in thankful prayer, for the crisis was past, and her mother was better. Through the air as she knelt came the sound of clattering hoofs, and she rose with a radiant smile as she supposed, to meet the tardy doctor and to tell him his patient scarcely needed his aid.

It was not the glance of the kind physician that met hers; but armed men with stern looks bade her prepare to accompany them. In vain Ida asked the reason of this strange summons; they only repeated the command to hasten. So the fair girl, strong in conscious innocence, quickly make the needful preparations; and telling her mother that the princess had sent for her, bade her farewell for a while. Thus they parted; the mother blessing her darling, and never doubting that all was well.

No word was vouchsafed to Ida, even when she reached the palace, but straight she was led to the chamber which contained the bridal robe.

"See!" cried the princess, in a voice as stern as its natural softness would permit.

Again a cry of wonder was uttered by all save the dismayed captive, who understood nothing. The lookers-on might well shriek, for lo! the bridal robe was as free from spot as when it left the loom.

Then some one cried out that it must be the effect of enchantment, and denounced Ida as the wicked agent at whose will the stain had first appeared and then vanished.

It would be useless to repeat how hard the Lady Ida found it to understand the charges against her, and how vain was her defence when all were determined not believe. Besides, the disappearance of her messenger, the handsome page, went far to injure her cause, and his absence she could not explain.

Some would have had her tried as a wicked sorceress, but the princess resolved that Ida's pardon should be the crowning act of grace on her marriage, as severity would ill befit such an occasion.

Another bridesmaid was therefore chosen in Ida's place, and when the great day arrived she was liberated and sent back to her home.

Willingly did Ida turn her back upon the court and all its gaiety; but sad was her return to the castle.

The evil report which Addertongue originated had spread far and wide till it reached the sick bed of the poor countess. The mother's anguish on hearing of Ida's disgrace brought back her disorder.

Wildly she called for her child, and knew her not, when she at length clasped her white arms round her dying parent, and said, "Mother, we shall not part again."

So while the joyous bridal bells were ringing, and the people rejoicing throughout the length and breadth of the land, the Lady Ida's arms embraced a corpse.

At first grief nearly drove Lady Ida mad; for oh! it was so hard to suffer thus, and for no fault; and, like a tender flower exposed to the east wind, she drooped and pined. But a few faithful friends still strove to console Ida, and heavenly-tinted fairies, such as Faith, Truth, Hope and Love, bade her take comfort, for her actions were registered above, and she would reap her reward there. Thus she learned to wish to live that her innocence might one day be proved; and many, seeing her spotless life, believed in it, and prayed Heaven to bless her.

By these means was she comforted, for she remembered that after times comes eternity, when all will be made right, all untruth detected, and her innocence be manifested. But on earth the evil work of Addertongue was never quite undone, for still, in the annals of that far-off land, runs a tradition that, on the occasion of a princess' marriage, a wicked sorceress strove to sully the peerless Bridal Robe.

As a concluding remark, allow me, the veracious chronicler, to bid each and all who read my chronicles, "Beware of listening to the fairy Addertongue, who, in these days, goes by the alias of 'Scandal!'"

MERRY-MAKING AT FUNERALS.—In this queer country (says an English resident in Valparaiso) there is a funny side even to funerals. The other day a sound of music attracted me to the window, and what do you think I saw? A mahogany-hued peon (peasant), carrying on his head and outstretched hands a plank about five feet long, and on the plank a dead child.

The little corpse was that of a girl apparently about five years old. It was attired in a short frock of red calico, the legs encased in coarse white hose, no shoes, the jet-black hair smoothly braided and crowned by a jaunty wreath of paper roses and the cheeks horrible daubed with vermilion to simulate the hue of health.

The plank bearer was closely followed by two women, evidently the mother and grandmother of the deceased, and they walked with an air of conscious importance, as becomes those who have furnished another little angel, as here a dead child is universally called, to swell the heavenly host.

Behind the women marched two men, playing with might and main, one on a fiddle, the other on a guitar, each intent on a tune of his own, regardless of the other's performance; and the rear was brought up by a dozen or more laughing and chattering men, women and children, most of whom gave indubitable evidence of unwise generosity on somebody's part in the way of chicha, the Chilian low-class intoxicant.

They were on the way to the Pantheon to inter the "little angel," over whom they had been dancing and drinking for several days, and who possibly had been lent once or twice in the meantime to friends who were not so fortunate as to have a corpse in the family.

Among the more degraded class of Chilians it is the general custom to make death an excuse for orgies, wild and ridiculous, and the body, especially of a child, is sometimes kept for festive purposes for some days.

A NOTE ON PORTUGAL.—"Female beauty is rare throughout Portugal," says an English traveler, "and of that encountered in the port wine capital the larger share certainly pertains to the peasantry of the environs. At the principal theatre of the city, after a minute inspection of the boxes, it is possible to count upon the fingers of a single hand the few pretty faces you will have succeeded in discovering, and the process may be repeated night after night. Ladies still go to the theatres here in the old-fashioned Sedan chairs, the unexpected apparition of which, with their quaintly attired chairmen, in one of the more ancient tortuous streets relegates one back for at least a century. These dimly-lighted, long, narrow, winding thoroughfares would appear to be slightly dangerous at night time, judging from their being regularly patrolled by helmeted horse-guards with drawn swords, who, from the slow pace at which they move, have been irreverently nicknamed 'tortoises' by the Portuenses. Why the latter have given the name of 'mussels' to the guardians of the peace posted after dark with their loaded rifles at the end of many of these thoroughfares is less comprehensible."

IN A PAPER on the transatlantic steamer traffic, read before the Liverpool Engineering Society by Mr. Maginnis, the confident opinion is expressed that before many years the passage across the Atlantic ferry will occupy but four and a half days, because a speed of 30 knots is not at all beyond the scope of advancing improvements. In 1878, he pointed out, the greatest horse power of an Atlantic steamer was 6000. Now, 30,000 is within sight. The future steamers will be mail and passenger carriers only.

FISHING was a favorite pastime of the Egyptian gentleman, both in the Nile and in the spacious sluices or ponds constructed within his grounds. This favorite occupation was not confined to young persons, nor thought unworthy of men of serious habits, and an Egyptian of rank is frequently represented in the sculptures catching fish with rod and line.

Scientific and Useful.

WIRE GLASS.—Wire glass is about one-fourth of an inch thick, and in it is embedded a meshwork of strong wire.

ARTIFICIAL GRASS.—Artificial grass for the grounds of seaside cottages is one of the industries at Manchester, England.

HERCULITE.—Herculite, the new French explosive, is so powerful that half a pound of it, in a recent test, displaced a house weighing 30 tons.

AN ELECTRIC SLEIGH.—A Baltimorean has applied for a patent on an electric sleigh. Stored electricity, concealed beneath the seat of the sleigh, furnishes the power which is to propel the vehicle.

STUTTERING.—Stutterers should read aloud from a book, and pronounce each word very distinctly, repeating it is as often as necessary; and it will be found that in time the habit of stuttering will have entirely disappeared.

FURNITURE POLISH.—Try the following furniture-polish: Melt together half a pound of beeswax, and a quarter of an ounce of alkanet-root. When the former is well-colored add half a gill each of linseed-oil and spirits of turpentine, and then strain through a piece of coarse muslin. This may be applied by means of a sponge or a thick woolen cloth.

CHERRY WOOD.—A solution of permanganate of potash spread upon cherry-wood for a few moments leaves a permanent dark-brown color, which, after being carefully washed, dried, and oiled, assumes a reddish tint upon being polished. A stain which upon being applied to wood assumes a dark-mahogany color is made by boiling half a pound of madder and two ounces of logwood in one gallon of water. Apply while hot, and when dry go over the whole surface with a solution of two drachms of pearl-ash in one quart of water.

Farm and Garden.

DISINFECTANTS.—One of the standard doctrines of modern dairy practice is that disinfectants can never take the place of simple, old-fashioned cleanliness.

FARM AND FARMER.—The farmer who studies his farm will find it profitable also to study the markets. The farmers who know more about raising crops than selling them are legion.

BUTTER.—If fine flavored butter is expected, guard against frost. Holding milk or cream in a frozen condition is a cause of bitter butter. It does not so [illegible] in time it becomes bitter.

ROADS.—It is cheaper to make a good road than to make a bad one. The money expended on the wear and tear of your wagons, of your horses and harness in enough to make a good road.

CELLARS.—In the majority of cellars ventilation of some kind is necessary. Many persons ventilate through the doors and windows, and obtain as good results as though regular ventilators were used.

PROFIT IN COWS.—It is not the number of cows in the herd that gives the largest profit, but the capacity of each individual. A small herd, composed of good cows, and as uniform as possible, will be found profitable.

PURE BRED.—Pure bred live stock is a leading educator. The man who once begins breeding becomes a student of animal life. The result is a humane and intelligent man with a prosperous and progressive family.

HOGS.—In feeding many hogs it is better to separate them into two or three small bunches, putting those of the same size and weight together. This will give all an equal show at the trough, and the small ones can be crowded more if necessary.

LIME IN SOIL.—What has lime to do with nitrogen in the soil? It may be stated that the nitrification of the soil is more or less due to the busy microbes existing therein, and they work best in the presence of lime. By applying lime, therefore, the farmer not only adds a required mineral substance to the soil but also increases the proportion of ready-prepared nitrogen as plant food.

WHILE WAITING FOR A COUGH to go as it came, you are often laying the foundation for some Pulmonary or Bronchial affection. It is better to get rid of a Cold at once by using that sure remedy Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, which will cure all stubborn Coughs, and relieve any anxiety as to dangerous consequences.

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A WORD TO OUR READERS.

There is not a home in the country that would not be brightened and made more beautiful by the magnificent companion pictures offered as a premium by THE POST.

They represent, in the highest and most perfect style of pictorial art, "COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA," of which the original is owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y., and "THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS," original in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. These Pictures (size 21x28 inches each) are genuine oleographs in beautiful colors, printed on the thickest canvas paper and have the appearance of Oil Paintings, and certainly far surpass anything ever offered in this line. In all the history of art in this country there have never been offered to the public two such grand, artistic, and at the same time patriotic productions.

They are charming as works of art, educational, and, relating as they do to the discovery of our land, possess an all-round interest that makes them both desirable now and valuable as future mementoes and souvenirs. As a memorial of 1892—the year of the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus landing upon our shores—these pictures would not only be objects of beauty and admiration to the present generation, but also of regard and love in the eyes of those to come. No true Americans who love their country should be without these splendid art works in their homes.

Both pictures are sent to all who send $2.00 for a year's subscription in advance.

The Gate of the Year.

At the gate of the New Year the question of beginnings must be a very important one. It is well then to make new resolves and to "put off the old man" while we can.

To begin well may have something of good luck to many; to others, and to by far the greater number, it is one of resolves. There is nothing like a fair start in the race of life; nothing so difficult as to fetch up back way and to make up for the distance lost in a false start.

Begin well; that is the essence of all the wise advice that can be given. Resist bad beginnings. After-remedies come too late. Bad beginnings make bad endings.

It is not, however, the beginnings that are made for us, and over which truly we have no control, that are so important, but those that we make for ourselves. "Honor and shame from no condition rise; act well your part, there all the honor lies," is a distich of Pope's which should be quoted by every parent and known by every child.

"It was really not my fault, sir," said a friend, in a burlesque way; "if I had been consulted, my father should have been a duke." Whether duke or dustman, whether Hindoo or Musselman, the babe who is born cannot help himself, but the man who is developed from that babe can act well. He soon knows when the turning point begins.

If he is born a man, he need not, as the French epigram says, "die a grocer," but die the noble and more expanded man. He can do this if he looks well to new beginnings. For instance, a spendthrift who spent nearly double his income in 1892 can make the last month of 1893 show a very different result; the drunkard and the idler may throw off their old habits. It is the constant appeal to the new man within us that gives such force and strength to Christianity. It is useless to deny our power of making new beginnings.

St. Augustin, who first held that men may rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves, to nobler things, is one who exhibits both the misery of an ill-chosen or wicked commencement, and the powers of men in again and again commencing life anew, and building upon the stepping-stone of a dead life a fresher, better, and purer existence.

But after all, it is not well to trust to this power. Thank Heaven, it exists; but at the Gate of this New Year let the young especially determine to begin well. They have the threads of their life in their hands; on them is the responsibility. Now is the accepted time.

Days misused at school, hours wasted or ill-spent in early manhood, will force an accumulated barrier against well-doing, a barrier which will grow more formidable each year.

Circumstances may do much; a happy chance may afford help, an unhappy one may throw them back; but after all it is mere cowardice that declares that a man is the creature of circumstance. Man has the will to determine what he will do in the short momentous breathing space allowed him: and if he rightly determine, through God he will find out a way in which he can work it out and complete it.

SELF-POSSESSION is something apart from ability. It is more in one direction and less in another. Many persons of great abilities are painfully lacking in self-possession, and others of very small powers are rarely at a loss. It comes rather through a fair degree of self-knowledge and a practical exercise of those abilities, great or small, which we do possess. Our own experience shows us this. Most of us are self-possessed in at least one direction, and that we shall find to be the one in which we have had the most constant practice and the best opportunities of testing ourselves. The mechanic or business man, or artist, or philosopher, may be undecided, vacillating, constrained, and ill at ease in general society, or in political circles, or in a hundred other situations; but in their respective employments, or in matters closely connected with them, they at once assume a calm and assured manner that tells of their regained self-possession.

No matter in what form the cultivation of taste may manifest itself—in paintings and sculptures, in the analysis of scenery, in the grouping of flowers, in the embellishment of the window or the mantel, in the cultivation of criticism, and the appreciation of the true and beautiful in art generally—refinement of manners, kindliness of feelings, and a deeper devotion of religion will be its sure attendants.

Is there, in truth, any blessing of Heaven which is more beautiful, more worthy of our warmest gratitude, than the possession of a home where goodness, kindness, and joy, are daily inmates; where friends, not merely by words but by actions, say to each other, "Thy goodness, thy sorrow, thy hope, thy prayer, are also mine?"

DEW falls but little upon the smooth and brilliant surface of polished steel or burnished gold, while coarser and less costly objects are freely wet. The gentle dew of heavenly grace often takes effect upon the rude and uncultivated, while the refined, the tasteful, and critical are left, like frost-work, brilliant and beautiful, but cold and dead.

THERE is no man but, for his own interest, hath an obligation to be honest. There may be sometimes temptations to be otherwise; but, all cards cast up, he shall find it the greatest ease, the highest profit, the best pleasure, the most safety, to hold the horns of this altar, which, in all essays, can in itself protect him.

WE lose in depth of expression when we go to inferior animals for comparisons with human beauty. Homer calls Juno ox-eyed; and the epithet suits well the eyes of that goodess, because she may be supposed, with her beauty, to want a certain humanity. Her large eyes look at you with a royal indifference.

To Johnson, life was a prison, to be endured with heroic faith; to Hume it was little more than a foolish Bartholomew Fair show booth, with the foolish crowdings and elbowings of which it is not worth while to quarrel—the whole would break up and be at liberty soon.

HE that sees ever so accurately, ever so finely, into the motives of other people's acting, may possibly be entirely ignorant as to his own. It is with the mental as with the corporeal eye: the object may be placed too near the sight to be seen truly, as well as too far off; nay, too near to be seen at all.

THE future is always wonderland to the young. Life is like a beautiful and winding lane—on either side bright flowers, and beautiful butterflies, and tempting fruits, which we scarcely pause to admire and to taste, so eager are we to hasten to an opening which we imagine will be more beautiful still.

WHEN you see an old man amiable, mild, equable, content and good-humored, be sure that in his youth he was just, generous and forbearing. In his end he does not lament the past, nor dread the future. He is like the evening of a fine day.

A FIRM trust in the assistance of an Almighty Power naturally produces patience, hope, cheerfulness, and all other dispositions of mind which alleviate those calamities that we ourselves are not able to remove.

LOVE one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all. The heart in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing, from the dew-drop to the ocean, but a mirror, which it warms and fills.

THE power of the mind over the body is immense. Let that power be called forth; let it be trained and exercised, and vigor both of mind and body will be the result.

THE mere lapse of years is not life. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

F. R. R.—Castor oil and brandy will help the hair, if anything will. The proportions are three ounces of oil and one ounce of brandy. Rub well into the roots of the hair about twice a week. This preparation not only promotes the growth of the hair, but darkens it and also gives it a fine gloss.

TIBBY.—It is very unusual for a bride wearing white to appear with black shoes and no gloves. If the wedding should take place in the evening the groom and groomsmen will be in evening dress, and may wear gloves or not as they choose; the weight of authority, however, is against gloves; if the wedding is in the daytime, of course they will wear ordinary morning dress, and no gloves.

G. G. H.—In 1557 the famous Geneva Bible appeared. It was so-called because the translation was executed in Geneva by several English divines. It is, however, best known as the "Breeches Bible," on account of the rendering of the 7th verse of the 3rd chapter of Genesis, where it is recorded that "they made themselves breeches," instead of aprons as given in the King James' version.

A. T.—According to the best authorities the quantity of salt contained in the sea amounts to four hundred thousand billion cubic feet, which, if piled up, would form a mass 140 miles long, as many broad, and as many high; or to place it in another light, this mass would cover the whole of Europe, islands, seas and all, to the height of the summit of Mont Blanc, which is about 16,000 feet high.

BESSIE.—Mere flower painting from copies is little better than a mechanical operation. If you really possess taste and talent for drawing, as soon as you have mastered the rudiments, sketch from Nature; and till you are able to do that, copy, upon a reduced scale some good artistical sketches, to accustom the eye to true perspective. Those who pretend to read character alone from the inspection of a person's handwriting, make a living out of their silly dupes. Your handwriting, like your playing, will improve with practice.

O. R. W.—It is known that the Chinese, as early as 969 A. D., fastened rockets to their arrows, that the latter might be thrown to a greater distance. This, however, was not the real origin of the use of gunpowder with projectiles—gunpowder artillery having been used in China as early as 85 A. D. The Moorish King of Cordova, Abd-el-Mumen, used rude artillery in 1156 against the Sicilians, but A. D. 1327 is the earliest record we have of the use of artillery by the English; and it was not till 1521 that cast cannons were first made in England.

S. J.—To prepare rabbit skins, lay the skin on a smooth board, the fur side undermost, and tack it carefully in every direction with tinned tacks. Dissolve two ounces of alum in a pint of warm water, and with a sponge dipped in the solution moisten the surface all over. Repeat this every now and then for three days. When the skin is quite dry take out the tacks and rolling it up loosely the wrong way, the hair inside, draw it quickly backward and forward through a large, smooth ring, or anything of a similar kind, until it is quite soft; then roll in the contrary side of the skin, and repeat the operation.

LAURA.—Oil marks, and marks where people have rested their heads, can be taken from wall-paper by mixing pipe-clay with water to the consistency of cream, laying it on the spot, and letting it remain until the following day, when it may be easily removed with a penknife or brush. Dust may be removed with bellows. Dry bread, at least two days old, is also used in brightening wall-paper. When this latter is used, it is necessary to commence at the top of the room and wipe the bread gently downward about half a yard at each stroke, till the upper part of the paper is completely cleaned all round. Then begin on the lower portion and go over it in the same manner, taking care to rub the paper gently, and never across the grain.

A. L. F.—We are not at all surprised at the young lady's conduct. You have been paying her regular attention for over a year, and during that time have shown your affection in various ways, but have made no verbal or written declaration of it. It is quite possible that she loves you, as you think, but she could not, without a sacrifice of maidenly modesty, manifest it until you had given her the opportunity by revealing your own feeling towards her. Your failure to do so on occasions when you had led her to think that you were about to give word to your preference may have led her to think you required a little disciplining, and we think she is right. Now that you have lost the opportunity to address her otherwise, the only course left is to write her a straightforward manly letter.

BESS J.—If men or women commit a wrong they should do all in their power to atone for the injury done, and having done this the world should be willing to condone the offence, and not endeavor to remind them of that wrong-doing. "To err is human; to forgive divine," is an aphorism, which all should bear in mind. In regard to the circumstances of which you write it behoves you to be more discreet, and do not force your love upon a man who has not the courage to declare his intentions. A man should never trifle with the affections of a lady by paying her marked attentions when he does not contemplate marriage. A female coquette is bad enough; a male one is intolerable. Let there be a clearly defined distinction between the attentions of common courtesy or of friendship and those of love.

LIFE'S NIGHT-WATCH.

BY MAARTEN MAARTENS.

Throughout the night, the hot and heavy night,
With soul wide-opened, so that it could see
Across the dark of its own reverie,
We toss from right to wrong, from wrong to right.
We yearn to hold each moment in our might
Ere from our restlessness is restless flee,
And yet would urge it with impatient plea
To bear us onward to the coming light.

A thousand fancies, hovering to and fro,
Hasten the hours, and yet the dawn is slow.
At length she comes. Beneath her gentle breath
Far-spreading peace doth lightly overflow
Our lessening expectancy; and so
We sink to briefest sleep. And that is death.

Fulfilment of Failure.

BY L. P. M.

MRS. JACK VEREKER had a heart. Now a heart is an inconvenient thing for a woman to possess—especially if she is a pretty widow; besides, she had only just awoke to the knowledge that she had such an uncomfortable factor in her anatomy—not the organ of auricles and ventricles that she had learnt about in her school-girl days—but that other kind of heart, that she had read of in novels, and once believed in—also in her school-girl days!

Since that a great many things had happened to Mrs. Jack Vereker—by the way she had been Jocelyn Norman then. She had married a worn out rone, who was struck with her pretty face, and her life had been—well, best described by a word which is not often mentioned in polite society; partly, perhaps, because this cultured century of our disbelieves in the very existence of the place referred to.

Anyhow, the day that she had put on a very becoming widow's bonnet and smiled contentedly at herself in the glass before stepping into the carriage that was to take her to Kensal Green, there to perform the last act of wifely duty that was required at her hands, in watching the earth piled high on all that was left of Jack Vereker—was the happiest day, in a life that had been singularly destitute of happy days.

She was twenty-seven, pretty, heart-whole, and—free! All her friends had prophesied that she would not long remain Mrs. Vereker, but they were wrong.

"I mean to enjoy myself," she had said, when urged to listen to the suit of this or that admirer; "I am free, and I am fairly well off; I should be a fool to marry again," which—her past experience considered—showed close reasoning for a woman.

And she had enjoyed her freedom! Five years of it, which she had spent, as only a pretty woman can do, who knows her world, has plenty to live on, and is sufficient of a Bohemian to disregard conventionality, and yet clever enough to steer clear of offending the proprieties. And the end of all this had been, that she should awake to the knowledge that she had a heart; a fact she had suspected before, but that—on this particular May morning—forced itself upon her attention in a most unpleasant fashion.

"Mr. Ainger," announced the footman; and Jocelyn Vereker rose from her dreams, and her lounging-chair, to welcome a tall, sunburnt young man.

"I was just thinking of you," she said; and, unlike most commonplaces it was true. Mr. Jack Ainger had been mainly instrumental in discovering her heart.

"I got your note," he answered a little awkwardly—young men of five-and-twenty are apt to be awkward where pretty widows are concerned, and, whatever her faults, Mrs. Vereker was a pretty woman.

"Oh, it was good of you to come! I couldn't manage Richmond to-day, as I had some business to do."

"I can't picture you a woman of business," he said, looking at her admiringly. "Titania on Change; it's so horribly unromantic."

Mrs. Vereker laughed, a soft, low laugh.

"I can assure you that I have a very good head for business; I don't know where I should have been by this time unless I had. But tell me about yourself—you seem rather down."

Ainger hesitated. He was a good-looking young man, of a fairly commonplace type, his most redeemable feature being a pair of brown eyes which he was not over scrupulous in making the most of when he was talking to women; rather weak, and not at all the sort of man Mrs. Vereker should have chosen to have set her affections on; but women don't love with reason, and after keeping a cool head for so long, Jocelyn Vereker chose at two-and-thirty to fall head over ears in love with him.

There was no excuse for her, as she would have been the very first to own, had it been a question of any one of her friends comitting a similar folly; but she excused herself, and found out all sorts of extenuating circumstances, when she stood arraigned at the bar of her own good sense, and—she loved him just the same!

"I'm in a hole, Mrs. Vereker," Ainger said at last. "I don't know that I have any right to bother you with my affairs, but—" something in his listener's face urged him to proceed—"I'm in a deuce of a mess."

"Money troubles, or love troubles?"

"Oh, money,"—she heaved a secret of relief. "I don't think I am much good at engineering, and I've been living beyond my means, like the fool I am, and I've gone to the Jews, which—if you are a woman of business—you will know is only another way of saying that you've gone to the dogs."

Mrs. Vereker started, and then turned in her chair, so that, though her face was in shadow, she could the better observe Ainger.

"Perhaps I went a little too far, when I said I was a woman of business; but you must tell me all about it. I thought most young men borrowed money at some time or other of other existence, and were none the worse for it afterwards."

"No, of course you don't know, how should you?" he answered, speaking as he would have done to a child; and yet she was seven years his senior in age, and more than twice seven years his senior in knowledge of the world! "I'll tell you what it means, Mrs. Vereker; it means hanging a millstone round your neck, and then trying to swim. It means never knowing a happy moment—struggling to make more money, and yet, feeling that, try as you will, you can never get free; but go on paying interest and seeing no good come of it."

"Were you obliged to borrow?"

"Well, I suppose I was not actually obliged, in the first instance, I backed a bill for a friend, and—but why should I bore you with the details? I'm no worse off than thousands of other fellows; but the worst of this sort of business is, that, for a time you do not feel it; it is only when you have been playing at the game for some time that you realize that you have got the old man of the sea on your back; but you can't get rid of him, like Sinbad."

"Lots of people live like you, and yet, in the end, things come right," she said hopefully.

"Perhaps they do in novels, in real life I am very much afraid they generally end by being broke. But you are right in saying that lots of people live like me, and shall I tell you why? I don't suppose you'll believe me, but there are women who live by money-lending; they are in with some of these fellows, and they—gamble, I suppose they would call it—with their capital, and so can live in comfort and luxury. It's a funny state of things," he went on. "One always thinks of women as something sweet and gentle, and lifted out of the mire—not angels exactly, but something better than that; because angels wouldn't sympathize with one in all one's difficulties as a really good woman will: but to live by squeezing the very life-blood out of a man, is not a very womanly thing to do."

She was silent, and he noticed, with a little thrill of satisfaction, how pale she had turned.

"I was right," he thought to himself, "she has a heart, and is one of the best women I have ever known."

"Are you sure this is so?" she said at last.

"Sure of it? Of course I am. I wasn't far out when I doubted your being a woman of business, was I, Mrs. Vereker—or what I have just told you would not be such a matter of surprise to you. Why, Soloman himself when he had been in a confidential mood—and I hate the cad then, even more than when he is bullying—has told me that he manages the affairs of more than one woman; and through him—and I suppose I might say through me—they are able to live in luxury."

"Who did you say told you this?"

"Soloman—Isaac Soloman. It's through him that I'm in this hole; or rather it is my own fault, for I knew what he was, and I was not obliged to go to him. He's not a bad sort, in his way, isn't old Soloman, and he's not old either; but it's his business, and he can't help himself."

"Isaac Soloman," she repeated, half to herself.

"Yes, there's not much doubt as to his nationality, is there? Look, here's a letter I had from him this morning—this is the sort of thing that they send one," handing it to her, as he spoke.

Decidedly, Mrs. Vereker was a sympathetic woman! She was very pale now, and her hand trembled as she took the letter; and Ainger watched her with a kind of wistful eagerness, as she read. She was very pretty—one of those dainty, fair-haired little women, who retain their child-like appearance long after their contemporaries show unmistakably the signs of the warfare; and whose innocent ways—often hiding a brain capacity that even their intimates hardly guess at,—have the effect of making a certain class of men helplessly in love with them. If Jack Ainger had ever had a doubt respecting her, it had been whether she were not just a little bit hard-hearted; but in the face of her present distress, he could only call himself a brute, and many other hard names, for having made her unhappy—he felt so utterly unworthy of her sympathy.

"I am very sorry I told you all this," he began penitently, as she handed him back Mr. Isaac Soloman's letter, in silence. "I ought not to have bothered you, but it is such a relief sometimes to tell out one's troubles."

It was the speech of a very young man; but it seemed to Mrs. Vereker one of the most pathetic she had ever heard—so will the little god blind the eyes of the wisest among us!

"I am very glad you have told me," she said slowly. "Two heads are better than one,—we will lay ours together, and see if we cannot circumvent this Mr. Soloman, after all."

He laughed.

"I am afraid not, though I am more than grateful for your sympathy. But I have tired you—you look pale—shall I go?"

"Yes, I have a head-ache," she admitted, and I have some letters to write. Good-bye—I will let you know about Richmond," and with a handshake, he was gone—feeling, in spite of Isaac Soloman, very much as if he were treading on air, for had she not sympathized with him?

Left alone, Jocelyn Vereker sat for a time, lost in thought; then, rising hastily, she sat down at the writing-table, and began a letter in his bold, decided hand—her handwriting being a truer index to her character than her dainty, flowerlike face.

"Come to me to-morrow" so the note ran—"I want to see you on important business. Jocelyn Vereker.

But when written she did not at once fasten it up, but sat with a very troubled expression on her face.

"I did not understand," she said. "It seemed the only thing to be done, and I did not know what it really meant. What did he say—'squeezing the very life-blood out of a man'—Oh horrible!" and then she fastened up the envelope, and rang the bell. The footman appeared.

"Take this note at once, and wait for an answer."

It was addressed to Isaac Soloman, Esq.

* * * * * *

Jocelyn Vereker bore no signs of the mental struggle she had gone through, as she sat waiting for Soloman, the morning after her interview with Ainger. She looked as fresh and dainty as ever. But though outwardly the same, she had passed through a crisis in her life, and she would never again be the light-hearted, irresponsible being who had charmed men and women alike, and who was spoken of as, "that pretty Mrs. Vereker."

Love had come to her, and touched her on the eyes, and she awoke—awoke, to find that she had a heart—that she had been living a life of freedom from care through the spoiling of other lives—that—though she had done it in all innocence—she herself was one of the very women her lover had spoken of so bitterly; one of those of whose very existence he had thought her too innocent to know.

She had the makings of a good woman in her, though she might have gone on all her life without guessing it, had not Ainger crossed her path; and she had noble instincts that were not satisfied by the life she was leading. That Ainger—such a very "everyday young man"—should be the one who was to reveal her to herself, is only another of those psychological mysteries that are continually dogging our footsteps, and which not one of our modern philosophers has been able, as yet, to elucidate.

When death had released Mrs. Vereker from the hateful bond that held her, she had found herself in the unenviable position of having many acquaintances, but not one friend of either sex. Her knowledge of business was as limited as that of other pretty women, who, as long as the money is forthcoming, never trouble themselves as to the means of getting it; so it was a shock to her to find, that when her late husband's debts were paid—and, like his sins, there were many, there would only be a very modest income left for her. Enough, it is true, to have given her a pretty little establishment in West Kensington or Notting Hill, and to have allowed her a long bill at a Bayswater dressmaker's. But this did not suit Mrs. Vereker's views at all; she would have considered herself 'buried' so far from the sights and sounds of Piccadilly, and to hold out the hand of fellowship to Kensingtonia, and revolve in its would-be artistic circles, was pain and grief to her.

Just at this time a friend came to her aid, as unexpectedly as the genie of the lamp appeared to Aladdin, but surely as eagerly welcome! Mr. Isaac Soloman had been for years the chief adviser of Jack Vereker, but it was not until the latter's death that he knew that Mrs. Jack Vereker was the only daughter of Colonel Norman, the little fair-haired child who had brought him deprecating messages, when that gentleman had not felt equal to the strain of a private interview, and for whom Soloman had cherished a secret admiration, for even money-lenders are not proof against the tender passion! learning this, he decided to see Mrs. Vereker and—for the sake of old times—to do what he could for her. She won his heart—or rather re-captured it—at the first interview, by at once remembering him—most subtle form of flattery!—and her beauty did the rest; for the little fair-haired child had developed into the loveliest and most fascinating woman he had ever seen.

Her first words showed her that he really had her interests at heart, and she gave herself freely and unreservedly into his hands; with the result that Kensington vanished as a hideous dream, and in its stead she found herself settled in a charming little house in South Audley Street, while her dresses were the envy of all the women of her set, and her brougham and pair met with the unfailing approval of all the men. She had never troubled herself to ask how all this had been accomplished. She knew that Soloman was a money-lender, and that the profession was not generally held in such respect as that of the gentlemen who gamble openly on the Stock Exchange; but she accepted it as a matter of course, and always thought of Soloman as her best friend.

It was a strange alliance this, between the old Jew and the dainty woman of fashion; but, oddly enough, it was based on mutual respect, and so flourished as the friendships of men and women seldom do, in this queer world of ours.

And now she was to tell him that it must end, not the friendship, but the business relations between them; the scales had fallen from her eyes, and her lover's words, spoken so unconsciously, stung her more than a blow. She did not quite know what she meant to do, Soloman would make it all right for her, she supposed; but she must get Ainger out of his hands at any cost, out of those hands in whose care she had so willingly placed her all.

At this point, her meditations were interrupted by the arrival of Soloman himself, a hard-featured, gray-haired Jew, with keen bright eyes, that took in human nature at a glance, the only pity being that he was nearly always fated to see the worst side of it. The greeting between them was friendly on her side, and almost paternal on his; he could never forget that he had known her first as a little child.

"Well, what is the important business; has anyone put you on to something good in the city?"

He smiled as he spoke, for she had left her affairs so completely in his hands, that he knew he was safe in making this little joke; but there was no answering smile on her face; somehow the task she had set herself to do seemed more difficult than she had anticipated.

"No, it is nothing of that kind," she answered slowly, as if to give herself time; then, with a sudden impulse, "Do you know a man named Jack Ainger?"

"Yes, I know him;" while his mental comment was, "the biggest scoundel unhung!"

"He has been to see you lately, in the way of business I mean."

"Yes, many young men come to me in that way;" but he felt uneasy; why this anxiety about Ainger?

"I want to pay his debts."

"You want to pay his debts" he repeated, as though he hardly understood what she said.

"Yes, I want to pay his debts—all of them—I don't care what it costs."

He looked at her pityingly. He had always admired her, always thought of her as a pearl among women, and he admired her more now than he had ever done before; but for Ainger!

"You don't know what you are saying. Of course," he added hastily, "I do not know what reason you may have for wishing to set Ainger on his feet again, but are you aware of the extent of his—well, we will call them his debts."

"I don't care if it takes every penny I possess," she said passionately; and then—being a wise man—he knew that no arguments of his would be of any avail, for—Heaven help her! she loved Ainger.

"It will very nearly do that," he answered gravely. "Listen to me, Mrs. Vereker, and I will try and explain matters to you," but she interrupted him with—

"No, don't explain, I should not understand you, and it would only waste time. If this leaves me a beggar, I will do it," and there was a determined air about her, that reminded him of the days when the little child would repeat her well-learned lesson, in spite of all his blandishments—"Papa is very ill, and cannot see you."

"It is simply to pay Mr. Ainger's debts that you have sent for then. You had no other reason?"

"No, but I want to explain things to you, if I can; and if I say anything that may hurt you, remember I do it unwittingly, for you have been the truest friend I have ever known;" at this point, Soloman relieved his feelings by violently blowing his nose. "You helped me," she went on, "when I was in trouble, and when no one else would lift a finger for me; and it is through you that I have been able to live in luxury, and that I have got more enjoyment out of my life than any other woman I know. But that is all over. I did not think what I was doing when I gave my money to you—no, don't interrupt me," for he was about to speak. "As far as you could judge, you did your best for me, and I have been the only one to blame. I lived in comfort—and how? By squeezing the very life-blood out of a man," and she shuddered.

"I can't agree to that," he answered. "Money-lending is my trade, and from what I see of others, it is as honest as any. 'Squeezing the life-blood out of a man' did you say? Not more so—not as much—as the sweating system that goes on in every trade that you would call honest. And there is this difference, that people are bound to work, it is one of God's laws—and if you 'squeeze their life-blood'—as the sweaters and middlemen do—you are doing the devil's work from him. But people are not obliged to borrow—young men are not obliged to live beyond their means, and indulge in every kind of extravagance, and they must pay for their folly."

"Yes, I thought so once, but now I see it in a different light. Dear Mr. Soloman, you must not be angry with me if I cannot agree with you. I have lived in luxury through your help and kindness, and that I can never forget. But now I can do it no longer—it is wrong—wrong for me, but not for you because you looked at it from a different standpoint."

"I look at it from a common-sense standpoint," he burst forth—and then began using every argument he knew of, to turn her from what he inwardly characterized as "simple insanity."

He pointed out to her that she had grown accustomed to wealth, and would not be able to do without it; he urged her to look at matters from a practical, and not a sentimental, point of view, but all in vain; there was only one argument he did not use, and that was the utter unworthiness of the man for whom she was prepared to make this sacrifice—for he knew she would not believe him. But nothing he could say would move her.

"I cannot undo the harm I have already done," was all her answer. "I am sorry for it, but I cannot alter my past—that is my punishment. But I can help this man, and will do it," and then Soloman felt that the interview was over.

He rose sorrowfully to say good-bye, for he thought she was making a mistake; but he knew her well, and was sure she would never regret her generosity—if Ainger had been the first to show Jocelyn Vereker her better self, the old Jewish money-lender had always known that side of her character.

"I will do as you wish," were his words, "and you must always think of me as your friend;" and when the door had closed on him, he muttered to himself, "I like her all the better for doing it—but that it should be Ainger!"

* * * * * *

Soloman was right—Jocelyn Vereker was not the woman to repent of a step that she had once taken; having owned herself in the wrong, her one desire was to make a speedy reparation, and it was characteristic of her that her own future did not trouble her: her only anxiety was to pay Ainger's debts, and she left Soloman no peace until this was accomplished.

She was very much in love. Before Ainger's confession of his difficulties, she had only half owned this truth to herself, and had purposely misread the symptoms in her own case that she would have been quick to observe in another; but now all was different. Many women feel that in sacrificing everything for the man they love they purchase for themselves the right of possession; their sacrifice gives them, in their own eyes at least, a claim upon their lover, and years of experience fail to demonstrate the baselessness of the argument. So with Mrs. Vereker. Now that she had given up everything for her lover's sake, she no longer concealed from herself the fact that he was her lover; indeed, she rather gloried in it, and drew pretty rose-colored pictures of a future spent with Ainger would not have disgraced a school-girl's first romance; but that—given her experience—was a trifle pathetic.

Soloman had carried out her wishes—not at once, as she would have liked, for he gave her a little time to "come to her senses," as he called it; but by the time the trees in the park were dusty, and the complexions of the season's beauties beginning to show the strain of late hours and all the excitement of the matrimonial hunt, Mrs. Vereker's affairs was settled. The result of the payment of Ainger's debts was to leave her in exactly the same position that she had been at the time of her husband's death: the little house in South Audley Street must be given up, and Kensington open its arms to receive her.

Yet one thing only troubled her: since his confession she had seen very little of Ainger. He had been out of town for part of June, and on his return, though he came to see her, she fancied that his manner was constrained, and unlike himself; but she put it down to money worries, and thought with delight of the time when he would be free. Free from a load of care, and free too, to ask her to link her lot with his; and, oddly enough, the very morning that Soloman told her matters were "settled," came a note from Ainger, asking her to spent the next day with him on the river—he was at Richmond, and it had been a long promise.

There is something irresistibly dear to the average feminine mind, in the combination of a lover and a river, perhaps because a boat that will only hold two compels a lengthy tete-a-tete; and if not free from the interruptions of Mr. Gilbert's "third person" under these unexceptionable circumstances, then lovers may indeed despair of finding solitude.

Mrs. Vereker wrote an acceptance, feeling, at the same time, that it was the only the prelude to another acceptation—and then had a long consultation with her maid as to the gown to be worn on what she felt would be the most eventful day of her life. She had never neglected the fine art of dress, though she did not make it her one study; but she was clever enough to know that even a pretty woman may gain something from artistic surroundings and harmonious blending of colors; and the next morning, when her mirror reflected a dainty figure, gowned in pale brown and cream, a large picture hat with yellow roses and brown feathers framing her fair face—Mrs. Vereker heaved a sigh of satisfaction, as she owned to herself that she undoubtfully was a very pretty woman.

She had the carriage to herself on her way to Richmond, and was glad to be alone with her thoughts. She was restless; the hot July air oppressed her, and she felt as though the future were "big with destiny"—and whether a kindly destiny or no, she could not decide.

Ainger met her, and their greeting was not without a certain amount of reserve; on her side, she felt almost guilty at the thought of what she had done for him; and though he tried to talk as usual, there was so much restraint in his manner, that she asked herself was it possible he should know; but at once dismissed the idea, as she knew that Soloman would guard her secret faithfully.

They lunched at the "Star and Garter," and, to outsiders at any rate, they must have seemed a lively couple; it was not Mrs. Vereker's way to let people indulge in melancholy when they were with her, and this was one reason why she had gained a reputation for heartlessness—the only person who guessed at the graver side of her nature being the old money-lender. Still, at the time that she was laughing and talking, she was conscious of a dull pain at her heart—as though something told her that a change had come over her lover, and that, do what she would, she was powerless to alter it.

At last luncheon was over; and they strolled down to the river; and when seated in the boat, a weight of care seemed lifted from Jocelyn Vereker's heart. The air was golden with sunshine, the birds were singing, and it seemed as though, for a moment, she had left the artificial society life behind her; she was alone with her lover, and she was happy.

Ainger's eyes were fixed upon her with a look which it was impossible to misunderstand; even a girl in her first season—that age of (supposititious) innocence—would have read it aright; so that Mrs. Vereker, with all the wisdom begotten of long experience in such matters, could not possibly be deceived.

"Jocelyn!" She started, to the imminent danger of upsetting the boat; and Ainger pulled in to the bank, under the shade of some trees, feeling perhaps that it would be safer to continue his love-making there than in mid-stream. "I have so much to tell you," he went on in a pleading voice, "but I want to say this one thing first—I love you as I shall never love any other woman on earth."

She had heard the same thing many times, and sometimes she had been amused, and oftener been sorry; but never before had her own heart beat wildly as it was doing now—he loved her—it was enough. "You must have seen it; but of course it is not wonderful that I should love you—who could see you as I have done and not love you—love you with all his heart and soul."

She was strangely thrilled; it was a boy's wooing, a lad's love, but it stirred her heart to its very depths as more polished pleading had never done. "If I had been free," she looked wonderingly at him, "I would have asked you to be my wife; you may laugh at my folly and presumption," —she was much nearer tears—"but I could not have helped myself. You have everything, and I have nothing, but I love—O God, how I love you!"

There was silence; she longed to tell him the she loved him too; that whatever the strength and depth of his passion, it was matched by hers—but something held her back.

"I don't know why I tell you this," he went on suddenly, in a curiously dead, even tone. "I feel I must. I can't help myself; I must tell it you, just as I would have told you if I had been free."

She was struck with his tone, and still more with the almost dogged expression of his face: it was not the face of a lover, even a despairing lover, but of a criminal waiting sentence. "If I had been free!" she did not understand him.

"You remember what I said to you in May—about my affairs, I mean."

She nodded gravely.

"Well, I told you I had gone to the dogs, or the Jews—it's all one—and I saw no way of getting out of the hole I was in, and I couldn't stand it. Oh, you don't know all it means; the worry, the anxiety of it all was simply killing me."

She looked sympathetic, but yet she did not quite understand how the memory of a past trouble should overcome him; Soloman had let him know that he was free—though not whose hand had freed him—why should he mind now?

"I went out out of town last month, down to Eastbourne, and there I met the Sylvesters. I used to know them very well—old Sylvester made his pile in America, and has come to England to spend it, and Cissy, his only child, has grown a pretty girl; we used to play together when we were small children. Well, I saw a great deal of them, and one day when Sylvester and I were together on the Front, he asked me about my affairs, and I told him everything. He's a kind old chap, and I thought he might help me, though if I had known what was coming, I think I would have cut off my right hand sooner than have spoken. He listened all right enough, and then he began to speak of Cissy. He said that she had always been fond of me, that we were the same age, and that it had always been a scheme of his. He said a lot more in the same strain, and then wound up by saying that he would square it with Soloman, and set me on my feet again; all I had to do was to marry Cissy. He didn't think that a very hard condition, for she is the apple of his eye; and how could I tell him I loved you? It is madness for me to love you, when you don't care for me; but I would have given up all, if only he had not said that about Cissy—it bound me, in honor."

No, she could not care! She sat listening with a smile on her prettily parted lips, and her eyes shone more brightly than ever—there was no sign of sympathy, no trembling hand, as on that other occasion, when he had shown her Soloman's letter; he had been deceived in her, and she had no heart. And all the time, under this dainty, unruffled exterior, she was asking herself madly what it meant—she had paid his debts, and yet he was telling her that "Cissy's father" had "set him on his feet again;" was she losing her reason?

"You want me to congratulate you," she began; but he interrupted her with,

"How can you be so cruel? It is you I love, you I worship; and you can sit and smile at me and never care what I suffer."

Yes, she could smile—smile while her heart was breaking—but she would know the meaning of all this.

"You must think of Cissy," she said at last; "of the girl to whom you are in honor bound, who loves you as I could never have done. I have had a bitter experience, and my heart is dead," he thought that she was speaking of her husband, and never guessed that her heart had not died until he himself had killed it. "You will be happier with Cissy than you would have been with me—even had I loved you. I am older than you, and that is a mistake in marriage."

"I would have made you love me in the end," he cried; as if his own love for her had, for one moment, given him the power to read her soul.

"Oh, if I were that lucky dog, my cousin—the other Jack Ainger."

"What do you mean?" she asked faintly, for the effort of sustained self-control was almost too much for her.

"Why, my cousin Jack Ainger, the biggest scoundrel unhung," unconsciously echoing Soloman's sentiment—"he was in Soloman's hands too, for about five times the amount I was—has been in his hands for years, in fact; and some woman—it must have been such—has paid up for him; bought him out of the ranks of the 'submerged tenth,' in fact."

"Who has done it?"

"No one knows. Old Soloman is not the man to let on, though Jack pressed him pretty hard, the brute! as he said if he only knew her name he would marry her, and so secure the goose that laid the golden eggs."

Mrs. Vereker shuddered; but a least one thing was sure—Soloman had kept her secret.

"You are tired," he said with sudden compunction, "shall we go home?"

"Yes, we will go home; but I have something to say to you. You must try to forget me. Remember that you owe it as a debt to Cissy, as a debt to her father, who has thrown himself on your mercy by telling you his daughter's secret—as a debt to yourself; for now you are engaged to another woman you must never think of me again."

"I shall always love you."

No more words were spoken as they rowed back again. This was the ending of Mrs. Vereker's love-story, that had been so long in coming to her. She had lost her fortune, her position in society, and her lover; and yet her thoughts were not all bitterness. She did not regret what she had done for she had done it from a higher motive than love for Ainger, and she did not wish to continue her life of luxury on the old terms; she had nothing to reproach herself with now.

And yet she was full of pity for herself, for her shipwrecked hopes, for her loveless future, though through it all a gleam of sunshine ran; he had loved her—come what would, nothing could undo that past.

They parted gravely, on landing, as friends who will not meet again, and they went their separate ways—Ainger to wealth, and a good woman's love; Mrs. Vereker to poverty, and the memory of a boy's first passion: as they said good-bye, a cloud obscured the sunshine, and Jocelyn Vereker knew that it had faded, for ever, out of her life.

How's This!

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"Trust Me."

BY C. M. B.

ONE bright autumn afternoon Bell Sotheby, a lovely dark-eyed girl was thinking, as she drove down to Benton's, the jeweller's, to see about a parure of pearls, that it was rather strange that, after all her resolves to remain single, handsome Sutton Armadale had sent her vows of ten years' duration to the four winds of Heaven.

"I do believe he loves me, truly and sincerely, and—yet—I dare say every love-sick girl thinks the same of her lover! I wish I knew positively! I believe in him so unhesitatingly when I am with him, but when he leaves me there comes a chilling doubt over me. But how could I ever, ever give him up?"

And on this very day the bridal dress was lying at home, the wreath of orange blossoms and the point D'Alencon veil in their perfumed boxes, the wedding-ring bought, the festivities ordered, and pretty Bell Sotheby began to realize that her inevitable happiness or misery was very near at hand!

"My pearls, please," she said to the man, as she went up to the plate glass shielded counter.

"I must trouble you to wait a few minutes, ma'am. Just sit down, please," he said, rushing to wheel forward a luxurious-cushioned chair from the wall where it stood.

And so Miss Sotheby sat down and waited, and not a second had elasped before she heard the voice of her lover from the private office of the firm—a walnut, plate-glass railed-off little space not a yard from her.

Her first impulse was to call to him. She half-started up, then desisted.

"I'll wait until he comes out. He is on some business or other."

And then the jeweller's voice, deliberate, full-toned, musical,—

"You don't mean to say you want to back out of your engagement, Mr. Armadale?"

"I mean just exactly that, since you put it so plainly. I would back out, in one minute. If I had the shadow of an excuse."

And then Bell felt a swift chill, something unutterably sickening thrill all over her.

"Why, it's too bad, too bad!" the jeweller said. "Why, let me see, the wedding is to come off only next week!"

"Yes, it is," Sutton said, calmly.

"Oh, but you can't back out of it now!"

"I don't know about that," and Bell knew just the expression of face that accompanied her faithless lover's words. I really think I shall. A man is bound to do the best he can for himself."

"But, my dear fellow, what will Miss Sotheby say?"

"Oh! She won't care—I'll answer for her."

"And she'll tell him so," Miss Sotheby decided, feeling she could endure it no longer. Her cheeks were burning, her eyes blazing, as she rose and went towards the door of the private office—not so private as it might have been, it seems—just as the manager came towards her with a black velvet tray in his hand.

"Here is the pearl cross, ma'am."

"The pearl cross?"

She looked at him in a vague sort of way. Pearls! What were pearls to her now?

"Never mind it," she contrived to say, somehow. "I am going in—there."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," in tones of absolute amazement—"but nobody goes in there except on business. It is Mr. Benton's private office.

"I have business, most important business," she said, imperiously, and swept past the wondering-faced manager, still holding the tray in his hand whereon lay the pure, gleaming pearls; and into the office where Mr. Benton lounged on a sofa, and Mr. Sutton Armadale leaned against the mantelpiece.

"Miss Sotheby!" Mr. Benton ejaculated, springing off the sofa in astonishment.

"Bell!" Mr. Armadale exclaimed, not a whit less amazed.

"I hope I don't intrude," Bell said, with a strained little laugh. "But it so happened I overheard the matter you were just discussing, and I believe I am somewhat interested."

She would have annihilated Sutton, if a look had been capable of such terrible destruction, but instead of any such catastrophe happening, that gentleman broke into an amused little laugh.

"Somewhat interested! Of course you are."

Bell drew her figure to its haughtiest height.

"Do not trouble yourself on my account, I beg. I release you, here and now."

"You release me? From what, Bell?"

"Miss Sotheby, if you please. From your engagement to me."

And then a stern look came over his face—a sterner, graver look than she had ever thought to see directed to her.

"For what reason?"

"Can you ask me, after what you have just said—what I heard you say?" she flashed, indignantly.

"Bell! You talk in absolute riddles! What do you mean? What have I said to warrant all this? I demand an explanation."

It was evident he was not to be trifled with—never had she seen him look so handsome, never had her heart and soul gone out in such wild longing for him as at this moment—the last she would ever be with him!

"What did you say? I think I can refresh your memory. You said it yourself—I heard you—that you desired to 'back out of your engagement'—that you 'could do better.'"

Her heart was throbbing very undisciplinedly as she stood there, so lovely, and flushed, and—agonized, beneath all her chilling, sarcastic hauteur—and then Mr. Benton stepped forward, suddenly smiling and delighted.

"My dear Miss Sotheby, it wasn't you he was talking about at all. It was a carriage and pair which he had partly agreed to buy of my brother."

Bell turned suddenly pale,

"Sutton! Was it?"

"You have heard what Mr. Benton says, Bell. A man doesn't like to be doubted—or suspected."

With her sweet eyes full of penitent tears Bell ventured up to him.

"Oh, Sutton! I am so sorry, so ashamed! Oh, but I am so glad! Can you forgive me will you?"

"My darling!"

So they were dearer than ever afterwards.

"Only, Bell, in the future you must trust me," he said, laughingly.

"Indeed I will never distrust you again."

And of all contented, happy people Mrs. Sutton Armadale is the most contented, the happiest.

HER WORDS WERE TRUE.

"You must wear it always while I am away," she said, with a little smile, as with deft fingers she placed it in my scarf.

It was a little gold pin, representing two hearts entwined.

Her gift! She was going away the next morning, and we were to be separated for seven longs weeks.

I put my arms round her, and looked into brown eyes made more lovely by the soft light of love. Then I kissed her. She gave a little contented sigh, and then murmured—

"As truly as these hearts are bound together for ever, so are ours, and pure as the gold of which they are made is my love for you."

I do not remember just which I said. It would have sounded foolish to others—so much I know—but it did not to us. The next morning she was gone,

All through that long, hot summer the little pin with its entwined hearts gave me comfort and courage. Little letters full of tales of good times by the sea and of longings for our meeting in the autumn reached me from time to time. As the weeks went by the letters became notes, and the longings wishes. She was so busy, but "her thoughts were always with me," she wrote, and I was happy because she was.

One evening, a week before the long-looked-for day of her return, as I drew the pin from my scarf it slipped from my fingers and fell to the marble hearth.

I bent down to pick it up, and uttered a cry of horror: the hearts lay separate at my feet. One still remained on the pin; the other had rolled into a little pile of ashes that had dropped from my cigar.

As I held the broken keepsake my eyes fell upon a letter addressed in her familiar hand. Why did I hesitate long before breaking the seal? Perhaps the contents were half guessed before I read them.

"It was all a mistake," she wrote. "I never really loved you, and we are too poor. I am to marry Dick Cavendish. He loves me, and my every wish will be gratified. . . . Good-bye. Think of me as well as you can."

I stood, the emblem of our broken love before me, her letter in my hand. Her words were repeating themselves to me: "As truly as these hearts are bound together for ever, so are ours." She has broken truly. Then came her last words, faintly wafted to my ears by memory: "Pure as the gold of which they are made."

I took the little hearts, and looked at them closely. The rough edges laid bare by their separation told me that her words were true.

I laughed, but without mirth.

They were plated!

TOO BRILLIANT.—The poet Whittier, strange as such a defect appears in one who made such effective use of color in his poetry, was color-blind. He was able to describe with as much accuracy as beauty the tints of the evening sky at sunset, the hues of cloud and forest upon the side of a mountain, or the changing purple, blue, and violet, of the twilight sea.

A short time ago, however, his peculiarity of vision betrayed him into an error although not an error discoverable by his readers.

The Quaker poet shared in all respects the quiet tastes of the sect into which he was born, and shared them no less by temperament than breeding, being naturally one of the simplest, sedatest, most retiring, and least showy of men.

His friends were, therefore, naturally astonished when he made his appearance on one occasion with his usually sombre garb enlivened by a flowing necktie of flaming scarlet hue. They wondered for a time in silence; then a very old friend ventured to inquire—

"Thee's never worn a necktie like that before, Greenleaf; does thee think it becoming?"

A little surprised, Mr. Whittier appealed to the company for their verdict, when, the color of the offending decoration being mentioned, he expressed both amusement and dismay, and volunteered a promise to discard it at once and for ever. He had purchased it, he assured them, under the impression that it was a dull and decorous green!

As in many other cases of persons similarly afflicted, Mr. Whittier's color-blindness was only partial, and was limited to an inability to distinguish green from red.

THE SMART BOY.—Even the roughest New York street gamin has a tender spot, if circumstances shape themselves in such a manner as to appeal to his better nature. The boys of the street have their own battles to fight, and they are quick to sympathise with a helpless creature who is really in hard luck. This was illustrated the other day, when an Italian peddler, pushing his hand-cart along Printing House square, struck a stone and upset his vehicle, which was piled high with apples and pears.

In a twinkling the golden spheres were rolling in all directions, and a score of newsboys were after them. The Italian stood, in hopeless despair, wrung his hands and burst into tears. The astonished newsboys at first laughed, and then, overcome by the poor fellow's grief, drew near cautiously and emptied their well-filled pockets into the cart. Then they pitched in vigorously and helped the now encouraged Italian to gather up the fallen fruit.

The apples and pears were soon back in the cart with not one missing, and the Italian felt so thankful to the gamins that he immediately presented each one of them with a large apple. The boys laughed merrily this time, and soon disappeared in the crowd. The Italian continued his journey with a beaming face and a much better opinion of New York newsboys than he had ever had before.

"I guess you're never going to pay me that money you owe me," said a fellow on the street yesterday, walking up to a little crooked-back man. "Oh, yes, I will," was the reply. "When?" "Oh, as soon as I get straightened out," said the hunch-back.

PERCY GOOSEHEAD—"I don't want to marry a blue stocking—some girl that knows more than I." Evelyn Sparks—"Why don't you say at once that you mean to remain a bachelor?"

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

By a novel legal technicality Mr. "Nig" Keering, one of the most promising young toughs in Crawfordsville, Ind., has escaped a term in the Northern Penitentiary and now poses before the community as a martyr. He was indicted for stealing a box of cigars from a grocery store, but in the trial it was proved conclusively that he left the box and only took the cigars. On this ground he was discharged.

In consequence of difficulties which have occasionally arisen respecting the identity of insane persons who have died in public asylums, the Asylum Committee of the London Council County has directed that each patient shall be photographed on arrival at the asylum and another picture taken if discharged cured. Comparisons of the two photographs may prove of value to scientists in their study of mental diseases.

A queer divorce suit was recently pending in Tiflis, Russia. It was discovered in the testimony that Olga, a young girl, had died, and that her mother, in order to marry off another, but illegitimate daughter, had used the deceased girl's baptismal certificate and represented the other daughter as Olga. The plaintiff does not bring any charge against his wife's character, but asks for a divorce on the ground that the woman's mother secured him for a son-in-law under false pretences.

At a recent fire in East Winthrop, Me., the local preacher did more work than all of the firemen, sacrificing the tails of his best coat in his efforts to subdue the flames. Of the goods only two bottles of sarsaparilla were saved, and one of these was used in saving Daniel Robbin's whiskers, which caught fire. Several men were scorched badly while trying to save a keg of hard cider from the cellar. Some one stole the refreshments prepared for the firemen, and the day closed with a grand dog fight.

The biggest university in the world is at Cairo, Egypt—a country which is not mentioned at all in the statistics—and it has 11,000 students. They come from every part of the Mohammedan world, and they study Mussulman law, history, theology and other branches needed to confirm them in the faith of Mohammed. They sit on the floor of an enormous court and study aloud, and the Western visitor who calls on them during study hours thinks that he has struck the original site of the Tower of Babel, and that the confused of tongue haven't stopped talking yet.

Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, is to have an artificial water fall, said to be the highest of the kind in the world. It will start from the upper reservoir of Strawberry Hill, and have a fall of 75 feet. A gorge is to be cut in the face of the hill as nearly like a natural ravine as possible. This will be alighted on either side with semi-aquatic plants and flowers, and at the base large boulders will be arranged to throw the water into separate streams and dash it out in sprays. About 1,000,000 gallons of water daily is to be devoted to this water fall, and the expense of getting it into working order, it is estimated, will not exceed $25,000, which amount has been given by a wealthy San Francisco gentleman.

About 18 months ago the public read with consternation the reports of the interment of a man who was afterwards found to have been buried alive, and various suggestions were made public at the time of means by which the extinction or existence of life in the human being could be determined. One of the simplest and best of tests proposed was the holding of the supposed corpse in front of a candle flame. A sure evidence of life would be a tinge of red at the side of the fingers. Dr. Martinot now asserts that an unfailing test may be made by holding a candle to the skin of the hand or foot until a blister is formed, which will always soon occur. The presence of any fluid in the blister is a certain evidence of life; but if, on the contrary, the blister contains only steam, it may be taken for granted that life is extinct. Dr. Martinot shows that these phenomena are simply natural laws, and that the proof is as conclusive as the test is simple.

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Our Young Folks.

GRASSHOPPER AND BEE.

BY M. BROWNE.

"WELL, Mr. Grasshopper, what may you be doing?"

"Trying to buzz like a bee: in fact, trying to be a bee."

"Oh, you'll never be that, you know: then where's the use of trying?"

"Because we don't know what we can do till we try—

"'If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again,'

is what the world says."

"Oh! the world; you're not the world."

"No, but I am part of it," said the aspiring little grasshopper.

"Ay, and so am I; but that's no reason why I should want to step out of my own shoes into somebody else's," replied the dandy beetle, all shimmer and sheen in the summer brightness, and clad in his flannels, as if bent on some athletic sport or game, nibbling his cane and laughing in his sleeve: a beetle's sly laugh.

"I don't want to step out of my own shoes into anyone else's; I want, I want —" the grasshopper's heart was full, so much was he in earnest— "I want to be of some use in the world."

"Oh, ay! and so do I, so I intended to be the noblest and best beetle the world ever saw."

"But only a beetle," the grasshopper could not help saying.

"Yes, you're right there; but better to be a good sensible beetle than a sham bee. What say you, Mrs. Bee?" inquired the young dandy of that buzzing lady, flitting along above their heads.

"Say to what?" questioned she, poising herself on her wings, and halting a moment.

"Mr. Grasshopper wants to be a bee, and I tell him he'll be but a sham one."

"Oh! I don't think he'd be quite that; he'd be only the wrong person in the wrong place, the same as it is out in the great world, where, I'm told, they sometimes put bitter for sweet, sweet for bitter, darkness for light, and light for darkness, and a pretty jumble they make of it in their ignorance. But, dear me, I mustn't stay here gossiping, with so much honey to gather! I hope, Mr. Grasshopper, you'll be and do something useful in the world, but I don't think you'll ever make a good bee"; so buzzed the bee, and was gone.

"Something useful. I can't be or do anything at all."

"Oh! you can be a little green grasshopper," half jeered the beetle.

"Yes, and chirp, and be hidden away in the grass," said the poor discontented morsel, too unhappy to heed or care that the beetle was laughing at him.

"Well, I must be going, for I'm off to the grand Beetle Race of the season, and intend to go in for the beautiful crystal cup, and to win it too—think of that!" and the beetle twirled his cane, and was moving on.

"P'ooh! crystal cup—it's only made of a dew-drop," said a drowsy centipede, lifting his sleepy head from the ground hard by.

"Well, what of that? we athletes think a great deal of it; and 'tis said by the great world, that's always racing after one thing and another,

"'——the glory lies
In the struggle, not the prize.'

"Come and see the contest, Mr. Grasshopper; better do than try to be a bee." And off went Mr. Beetle helter-skelter.

The centipede dropped asleep again, and the grasshopper sighed.

"Well, why that sigh?" asked his Cousin Cricket, leaping by that way, as he always did of a morning. He was one of a band of musicians who stood at certain cross-roads, and cheered the passers-by with their music all summer-time, and in winter they divided, and went in companies of twos and threes to the houses, and performed on the hearths.

"Because I want to be a bee, and people discourage me."

"Well, they can't encourage you—a grasshopper to be a bee!" and the merry cricket laughed good-naturedly.

"Oh, ay, very well for you to laugh when you are living such a noble life."

"Oh! no more noble life than yours—mine a cricket's, yours a grasshopper's—where's the difference?"

"This difference: that nobody wants me. I may as well be out of the world."

"Well, I'd not think so meanly of myself. Think you're useless, and you will be useless," reasoned the sensible little cricket, opening his music-book, and humming a tune.

"But the best Book in the world says the grasshopper is a burden," said the heavy-hearted one.

"Oh, yes, to old people, to whom so many things are burdens. The same Book tells of a man who cared not, he was so old, for singing men and singing women, but that's no reason why we should not stick to our work, and make our mite of melody in the world," returned the cheery cricket.

"But what can I do for anybody? I know I'm a burden to myself, if not to others."

"Show the world how happy a grasshopper can be, living its humble life among the grass, and who knows how many heavy hearts you may cheer, even by your chirp?" So spoke the cricket, and as several of his fellow musicians now came up, he hopped on with them, tuning their instruments as they went.

"Oh, happy bees!" sighed the grasshopper, hearing them buzzing so contentedly above in the sunshine, among the flowers. "And I will be a bee. I'm sure I'd almost caught the very tone of their buzzing, when that pert beetle came and interrupted me; and," said the silly insect, "my long legs I can crook up so."

Oh! a funny little bundle he was, as he bent and cramped himself together, but not like a bee; though he leaped off to a brook near, and peered at himself in the water, to see what he was like.

"Oh yes, I'm not so much unlike a bee, and I'm sure I can buzz"; and buzzing—or what he called buzzing—half leaping, half letting the breeze bear him on, he made his way to the bee-hives in Widow Jones' garden.

He even managed a collect a little pollen on his long legs, but the honey sipping was beyond his powers as yet; so, entering one of the little palaces of neatness and industry, he sat himself down in a dusky corner, to await the home-coming of the busy workers.

Buzz-a-buzz, buzz-a-buzz, in they came in droves, and he, poor little grasshopper, kept his perch, and buzzed as well as he could in his shady corner with them. But, oh dear! they detected that counterfeit bee voice, and the queen-bee bade her courtiers seek and search out the enemy in the hive. They soon found him, and how he trembled, led by those two stern bee-courtiers before their sovereign, her sweet bee-face calm and dignified, as became royalty, as she sat to judge him, to hear him plead his cause. He had but one plea:—

"I wanted to be a bee, so as to be of some use in the world"; and the wise queen heard truth in his voice, read sincerity in his eyes.

"Then go back into the world—your own world—and there be useful"; so buzzed the Queen Bee, touching him with her sceptre as he humbly knelt before her.

"How?" he panted.

"He who placed you there will show you." She waved her sceptre and dismissed him; a courtly train led him out; he was at the hive door, the after-glow lighting up his sorrowful face.

As he stood there, a raindrop came splashing down, and took him by the hand.

"Mr. Grasshopper," she said, "will you go and chirp among the grass, and say we're coming: the raindrops are coming from the wind's treasury, the clouds? for the flowers are fainting, and saying we have forgotten them, and, for that matter, the whole world is heavy-hearted, because we've tarried till the right time. But say we're coming now soon; 'twill give them hope." Thus the raindrop admonished him, and led him well on his way to his old haunts.

"Chirp, chirp, chirp!" such a little, homely, simple thing to do, but oh! what a burst of joy greeted him as he chirped, yearning, longing, waiting. The flowers lifted up their drooping heads; they could not speak to thank him, but they tossed sweet perfume along his path as he went, and poor humble worms lifted their heads and blessed him with their voiceless tongues; toads also croaked—

"Oh, Mr. Grasshopper, what a noble work is yours, to whisper hope to thirsty ones!"

And an old cow lowed in rhyme—

"Thanks, wee mite, for saying so,
Rain will make the grass to grow."

More, the horses neighed, donkeys brayed, lambs and sheep bleated, till a mighty chorus rolled and rolled again. And, when there came a pause, the whirr, whirr of the corn in the upland fields made a sweet tuneful refrain. Nay, a human tongue blessed him, and the grasshopper's cup of joy seemed full.

"Grasshopper cry,
Rain nigh,"

quoth Farmer Dobbs, out regarding the weather. "Blessed little grasshopper! now I shall sleep in peace to-night, knowing my thirsty crops 'll have a drenching, for I never knew the sign to fail yet."

And anon the moon rose, darting, as it seemed, her first sweet glance on the little herald, lifting his head as well as he could above the grass, and piping his good news.

She also sent down a beam, pure and white, to whisper a secret to his inmost soul, which would abide with him for ever, and give him content. Nobody heard it, nobody knew it, save he himself, and the fair sweet messenger who brought it. But oh! how the hearing and receiving it transformed and beautified his face!

"Heigh-ho! who is making the world so glad?" It was Mr. Beetle, speeding home with his crystal prize cup—for he had won it—who put the question.

"Me," piped the ungrammatical little herald of good.

"Ha! this is better than being a sham bee. Why, it's nobler and better than winning the crystal cup at the race to-day, to hear this chorus of blessing, and to know that you deserve it," said the beetle good-naturedly.

"I don't deserve it," was the humble response; "I seem to have done nothing."

"Only your duty, your life work, you know." His cousin Cricket whispered this to him, for he was near the cross-roads, where the musicians had paused to take breath.

But they were already about to strike up a new melody, and this was the refrain of it, which they played and sang—

"Duty is beauty, be what it may,
It brightens and gilds the homeliest way."

And all the voices of earth seemed to take it up, and echo it far and wide, till the rain came down, and the moon veiled her face, to hide her tears, thinking of the small aspirant, who had found his mission at last to be hopeful and cheerful, and to speak a word of hope and a good time coming to earth's faluting ones, athirst and weary. Humble work, which a child might do: speak a pleasant word, give a pleasant smile, a lowly herald of the bright to-morrow coming; but what would life be without it?

ASTONISHING THE NATIVES.—A florid-faced, white-whiskered Englishman was riding in Rome not long back through the Via Felice. The horse stumbled and fell, but rose unhurt. The rider, however, had dislocated his knee. Several bystanders ran to his assistance and carried him to a house. Their faces showed their distress. But the Englishman was unmoved. His cheeks were as fresh, his looks as calm, as before the accident. Seated in a chair he began to feel his knee carefully.

"Shall we send for a doctor?" they asked.

"Oh, no! is there a carpenter near by?"

"Yes."

"Be so kind as to help me there."

The Italians exchanged glances of amusement in the midst of their distress. Was the Englishman eccentric, or had he entirely lost his senses? However, they did his bidding. Once more seated he asked for a sheet, and bound it round his leg. Then, after feeling the knee joint again, he put it into the screw vice, and told the joiner to tighten it prudently.

At first with some hesitation and afterwards, encouraged by the composure and authoritative manner of the foreigner, the man did as he was told and tightened the screw slowly, while the patient made the most singular grimaces, till at last he called out—"Enough!" and tossing a crown to the carpenter, got on his horse and galloped away, leaving the bystanders convulsed with laughter at this singular surgical operation.

THE PALMETTO OF THE SOUTH.—The graceful palmetto, that grows so profusely in the lower tier of the Southern States, has recently become a factor in the industries of the South, for its wood is hard enough to carve and its fibre is strong enough to make excellent cordage and a useful substitute for sponges. In Jacksonville, Florida, a factory has been started for the purpose of making brushes and brooms of the fibre, and elsewhere sink brushes are being made of the wood, half of whose thickness is being converted into bristling points. The young leaves of the tree make a salad that the people are beginning to appreciate, and the taste of it is likened to that of chestnuts. Bears knew about it long before the people did, and it is a favorite article of diet among them, the black bears climbing the trees and browsing on the fresh shoots as eagerly as they browse on watermelon.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Roses are said to be in bloom at Eastport, Maine.

There are now current about 400 books on electricity.

This country mines 20,000,000 barrels of salt a year.

In 36 years South Australia has had 40 administrations.

Rural postmen in Norway are to be mounted on bicycles.

It is said that a white quail is owned by a resident of Missouri.

"Scumgullion" is the euphonious name of a new town in Georgia.

Fire can destroy almost anything combustible except a newspaper.

About two thousand daily and weekly journals are printed in Paris.

A new tack hammer has a sliding top receptacle in the handle for tacks.

In the coldest part of Siberia the ground is frozen to a depth of 630 feet.

An Independent, Indiana, woman is said to have become paralyzed by eating popcorn.

The highest average speed attained by railway trains in England is fifty-one miles an hour.

The Duke of Westminster's estate is worth about $80,000,000. It yields an annual income of about $2,750,000.

There are said to be over 782 Government offices vacant in Italy and forty thousand applicants for them.

It is estimated that the value of the honey and wax produced in this country during the past year was $25,000,000.

The weight of the earth is found from recent experiments to be 5 842 trillions of tons—that is, in figures, 5,842,000,000,000,000,000,000.

A single mahogany tree in Honduras was recently cut into boards, which, when sold in the European market, realized nearly $11,000.

In a shingle mill at Gray's Harbor, Wash., recently, the entire works were kept running all day on a single cedar stick, which made 188,500 shingles.

Electric wires connect with the goods which hang outside of M. Brain's Paris shoe-shop, and the cobbler was thus enabled to catch a thief on the fly a few days ago.

A watch hairspring a mile long would weigh less than half a pound; yet men have been known who had sawed their way through jail bars with such delicate steel springs.

A curious incident happened in Brienz, Switzerland, recently. In drawing names from the jury wheel in a murder trial, the third name drawn was that of the murdered man.

A Wichita, Kan., thief, while being taken to the jail by the sheriff, his hands encased in two pairs of handcuffs (a pair on each wrist), picked the pocket of a farmer, whom he passed, of $14.

Efforts to plant lobsters in Pacific coast waters have failed. The lobsters turned loose in San Francisco Bay had their jaws pegged to keep them from fighting, which prevented them from getting hold of anything to eat.

Chickie-Chockie is the name of a small village in the Indian Territory, and the belles of the place are the Misses Chickie and Chockie La Flore, whose father is captain of the Indian police. The village was named in honor of the Chickasaws and Choctaws.

A resident of Glenwood, Connecticut, was aroused the other night by hearing a dog howling near his house. Looking out of the window he saw the form of a dog under a tree, and he tried to frighten it away by throwing pieces of coal at it. After emptying the coal box he put on his clothing and went out to find that the animal was tied to the tree.

In the Manchester, England, "Zoo" the penny-in-the-slot machine has been adapted to the use of the elephants, and they have taken to it with great alacrity. When a spectator gives one of the animals a penny the elephant drops it in the slot and gets a biscuit. The elephants have learned that only a penny will do the work, and refuse all other coins.

When a resident of Ballefonte, Oregon, picked up a pheasant he had shot near his home, in the mountains, he was surprised to find that the bird was constructed on the plan of the "Siamese Twins." Both birds, it is said, were perfectly developed, and the connecting link was half an inch long and a quarter of an inch thick, and joined them just in front of the wings.

David R. Young, of Charleston township, Chester county, Pa., has a horse who has, on every Thursday for some years, taken the marketing to Phœnixville. The other day Mr. Young purchased a new horse, and left the old one in a field, hitched to a plow. Mr. Young had occasion to go to the house, and upon his return to the field he found that the horse was gone. Mr. Young managed to trace the course of the horse by the marks made by the plow, and found him on the State road, wending his way to Phœnixville.

KISS ME.

BY W. W. LORD.

Kiss me when sleep weighs down my eyes in dreams,
And I will roam with Eros by Arcadian streams;
Kiss me when waking life brings stormy hours,
'Twill fill its barren waste with flowers.

Kiss me when in my last long dreamless sleep,
When death's cold hand my senses steep;
Within the shades of the silent tomb
That kiss will banish all its gloom.

And if with lost souls I shall go
Down to the land of gloom and woe,
If God doth close his portals unto me,
That kiss a share of heaven to me will be.

COURTEOUS AND OTHERWISE.

There are various ways of retorting upon a man and implying that he is an ass. There is the plain and brutal way, which impels him to roam round and look for a club wherewith to brain you. There is the sarcastic way, which makes him hate and disparage your intellectual capacity behind your back. There is also the friendly way, which makes him laugh and feel half pleased, while at the same time it causes him to move uneasily under the torture.

"By Jove," said a country squire who had been beaten in argument by Sydney Smith, "if I had a son who was a donkey, I'd make a parson of him straight away." "Possibly," returned the author of "Peter Plymley," "but your father was evidently of a different mind."

This is one type. Here is another, which somehow suggests Bret Harte's society upon the Stanislaw. It occurred at a sale of pictures in a London auction-room, where two gentlemen were disputing the possession of a picture by a celebrated English painter, which faithfully represented an ass. Each seemed determined to outbid the other. Finally one of them said, "My dear sir, it is of no use; I shall not give in. The painting once belonged to my grandfather, and I intend to have it." "Oh, in that case," replied his rival suavely, "I will give it up. I think you are fully entitled to it, if it is one of your family portraits." Whereupon ensued much laughter throughout the room. This retort we count among the very best on record.

On the same level with it we would place Bassompierre's retort to Louis XIII. The Ambassador was telling the Court how he first entered Madrid. "I was mounted," he was saying, "on the very smallest mule in the world"—when the King interrupted him with the remark, "It must indeed have been an amusing sight to have seen the biggest ass in the place mounted on so small a quadruped!" With a profound obeisance came the rejoinder, "I was your Majesty's representative."

Not far below this we are inclined to rank the retort of the Irish girl who, caught in the act of playing on Sunday morning, and being accosted by the parish priest with the greeting, "Good morning, daughter of the Evil One," replied promptly, "Good morning, Father!"

Lord Cockburn, after a long stroll, sat down on a hillside beside a shepherd, and observed that the sheep selected the coldest situation for lying down. "Mac," said he, "I think, if I were a sheep, I should certainly have preferred the other side of that hill." The shepherd answered, "Ay, my lord; but if ye had been a sheep, ye would have had mair sense;" and Lord Cockburn was never afterwards tired of relating the story and turning the laugh on himself.

Curran's friend was equally tickled by the orator's retort apropos of the jury system. The friend was bragging of his attachment to the system, and said, "With trial by jury I have lived, and, by the blessing of God, with trial by jury I will die!" "Oh," said Curran, in much amazement, "then you've made up your mind to be hanged, Dick!"

The country bumpkin, who was offering gratuitous information at a north country fair, was not so pleased. He was disparaging the show of cattle. "Prize cattle," he said scornfully; "call these 'ere prize cattle? Why, they ain't nothin' to what our folks raised. You mayn't think it, but my father raised the biggest calf of any man round our parts." "I can very well believe it," observed a bystander, surveying him from head to foot.

The judge—it was Judge Jeffreys, unless we mistake—who pointed with his cane at a prisoner and exclaimed, "There is a great rogue at the end of my cane," was certainly greatly enraged when the man looked hard at him and asked coolly, "At which end, my lord?" The prisoner probably got two years' extra for that smart retort.

The mention of judges reminds us that legal retorts are very numerous, and sometimes very good. Sometimes they take the form of a spar between the opposing counsel; sometimes that of a facetious remark addressed to the judge, as in the case "Woodcock vs. Bird," when, the Chief Justice happening to remark that birds should live together in harmony, Mr. Hayes (who appeared for Mr. Bird, instructed by Messrs. Grabbit and Fixem, &c.) replied, "Yes, my lord, they should; but my client complains of the length of the Plaintiff's bill!"

A more common type is that of the negro minstrel, whose case is well known. He was being severely interrogated by a living and now eminent Q. C., who wished to bring discredit upon his testimony. "You are in the negro minstrel business, I believe?" he was asked. "I am, sir," was his reply. "Is it not a rather low calling?" was the next question. "I don't know but what is it, sir," said the minstrel, "but it is so much better than my father's, that I am rather proud of it." "And what was your father's calling?" "He was a lawyer, sir." The learned man is said to have asked no more questions.

PATENT ovens that will start in and cook a meal while the family is at church are well enough so far as they go, but the servant girl problem will not be solved until some one invents a machine to clear off the table and wash the dishes while the feminine head of the house is putting the baby to sleep. It is not getting meals, but getting rid of them, that turns a wingless angel into a commonplace woman.

Grains of Gold.

Every production of genius must be the production of enthusiasm.

Flattery is the "glycerine and honey" soap of life; compliments the bubbles blown from it.

Education is the only interest worthy the deep, controlling anxiety of the thoughtful man.

A hypocrite is a counterfeit. A counterfeit is one of the strongest proofs that there is a genuine.

There is no dispute managed without passion, and yet there is scarce a dispute worth a passion.

He who would govern his action by the laws of virtue must regulate his thoughts by those of reason.

The measure of a man's real character is what he would do if he knew it would never be found out.

Few are the folks who are wise in their generation; on the other hand, many are those who are otherwise.

Surely modesty never hurt any cause; and the confidence of man seems to me to be much like the wrath of man.

Virtue is between two extremes; he who has passed the middle has not done better than he who has not reached it.

If we are ever in doubt what to do, it is a good rule to ask ourselves what we shall wish on the morrow that we had done.

Let not your happiness depend upon any person, for bear this fact well in mind, that the same face that smiles can also frown.

Virtue is not to be considered in the light of mere innocence, or abstaining from harm, but as the exertion of our faculties in doing good.

Femininities.

Autumn leaves trim the winter hat.

What women talk about—about all the time.

Nineteen thousand cooks are turned out annually by the model kitchen schools of London.

A woman has for many years been the engraver of medals at the Royal Mint at Stockholm.

Several prominent women of Somerset, England, have discarded the woman's saddle for the man's saddle.

Mrs. Hettie Green, worth $40,000,000, says she hates business and would like to be a society woman, but she hasn't time.

Instead of placing her name or her initials on her lingerie, fastidious femininity now marks her effects with her favorite flower.

The "colonial suit" is now affected by the little boy who formerly did the Fauntleroy act. A miniature sword and belt is worn with it.

Mr. Choral: "I hear your wife ran off with a neighbor. That's very strange." Mr. Bloomingdale: "Oh, he hadn't been living here long, and didn't know her!"

Electrotype reproductions of rare pieces of silver, such as are found only in museums or among the art collections of princes, are among the fads of the hour.

"Do you quarrel with your neighbor yet about his dog coming over into your garden?" "No, that's all over now." "Buried the hatchet?" "No; buried the dog."

The Empress of Austria has solved the servant girl problem. She does her own cooking, or at least superintends it, and could prepare every dish in case of emergency.

Rev. Mr. Arlington: "You should always be particular about details, Miss Tucker. It is the little things that tell." Miss Tucker: "I know that. I have three small sisters."

A McPherson, Mo., woman recently had a 58-pound tumor removed, and she weighed after the operation, it is reported, but 53 pounds—five pounds less than the tumor.

Newly-made bride: "Mamma says she does not think we will ever quarrel as she and papa do." Groom: "Never, dearest." "No, she says you will much easier to manage than papa was."

"Women used to sell themselves for rich husbands," says a desolate man. "Now," says he, "the marriage ceremony is a pawn-ticket, and they can redeem themselves at any time."

"What? Got your patent leather boots blacked and bought them only ten days ago? Wasn't the leather any good?" "The leather is all right, but the patent seems to have expired."

"Robert, dear, how do you suppose those dozens and dozens of empty bottles ever got into the cellar?" "Why, I don't know, my dear. I never bought an empty bottle in my life."

Masher: "Aw, my lady, there was something very pleasant I intended to say, but I have, alas! forgotten what; dreadful, isn't it?" Young lady: "Was it, perhaps, 'good night,' Herr Baron?"

A late portable plate-warmer is made of tinned wire, and will hold twelve plates. The body of the rack, which is a stoutly made wire frame, shaped like a half circle, rests on four feet and is divided in a way similar to a toast rack.

You may laugh at astrology and love philters, but, as a matter of fact, at least 240 people in New York city get a fairly good living out of these things. And they do not make their money entirely out of the ignorant, either.

The Arabs claim that Eve's tomb is at Jiddah, the seaport of Mecca. The temple, with a palm growing out of the solid stone roof (a curiosity which is of itself a wonder of the Orient), is supposed to mark the last resting place of the first woman.

A Bishop, recently addressing a high-school prize class, spoke of the pretty toilets of the young girls composing it. "There should be self-respect," said he, "both with regard to mind and body. I am grateful to any one who dresses well and prettily; character is shown by the dress; it reveals the ladylike, the vulgar, and the conceited woman."

Mrs. Ann Skelly was elected Justice of the Peace in Wyoming on Tuesday last over a Republican postmaster and "worker." She is the second woman who has been elected Justice of the Peace in Wyoming; and it is recorded of the first one that she once sent her husband to jail for ten days for contempt of Court. This justifies the wisdom of the ancients, who typified Justice as blind and a woman.

A Boise City, Idaho, little girl started across the divide for school the other day, and shortly after her departure a terrible storm set in. As she had not reached the school house by 12 o'clock it was feared that she was lost, and accordingly a searching party wandered over the hills, hoping to find some trace of the child. They at last found her in an old shed, with a number of sheep, among which she had cuddled down and thus escaped being frozen to death.

Masculinities.

If a man stays at home nights he will not be found out.

According to Andrew Lang, Great Britain has 100,000 novelists.

Frederick Douglass, who is a violinist, learned to play the fiddle while he was yet a slave.

Many a man will fight if you kick his dog, but who lets his wife carry in all the wood.

The latest English fashion in the way of dogs is a white collie. They look like a goat's ghost.

A dainty novelty in masculine jewelry is a scarfpin which realistically represents a cigar stump.

M. Gounod declares that his finest inspirations come while he is having a quiet game of cards.

Prince Bismarck is a stockholder in the Milwaukee street railway system to the extent of $50,000.

Among automatic beds is a new one which makes itself. It is designed for impecunious bachelors.

How Qua, a merchant of Canton, is the richest man in China. He is said to be worth about $50,000.

The Shah of Persia on State occasions smokes a pipe that cost $330,000. It is set with rubies, diamonds and emeralds.

Cornelius Vanderbilt may be found hard at work at 9.30 every morning, and he very rarely closes his desk until 5 in the afternoon.

"Samuel Ktxdghuttousmystem, tin peddler," is the legend inscribed upon the card of a Russian commercial traveler in Connecticut.

The colored janitor of a Sedalia, Mo., public school manages by strict economy to save $40 every month out of his monthly stipend of $45.

The historical egg which Columbus made stand on its little end has been made the model of a pipe which has just been put on the market.

Judge Thayer, of the Connecticut Supreme Court, handed down a decision, a few days ago, in a suit which had been pending for nearly 20 years.

Captain Bassett, who has just completed 61 years of service in the United States Senate, keeps his snuff in a box that was given him by Daniel Webster.

A Dexter, Maine, young man was recently forcibly held by a young negro and tickled so severely that he burst a blood-vessel. Hemorrhage from the nose and mouth resulted.

Judge Lane, who has presided over the Cass county, Mo., court for years, was in jail for debt when his constituents elected him recently to be a member of the State legislature.

George Smith is to be tried at Valparaiso, Indiana, for the third time, on the charge of having stolen a five-cent cigar. About $1000, it is asserted, have been expended in lawyers' fees.

The betrothal of Prince George of Wales to Princess May of Teck will be officially announced after the anniversary of the death of the Duke of Clarence, to whom the Princess was first engaged.

Dr. Naegeli has given the advice to New Yorkers to yawn as often as they please. His reason for giving this prescription is that yawning acts like massage, and is the most natural gymnastics of the lungs imaginable.

"I beg your pardon!" exclaimed a fair young lady, as she stumbled over the feet of a susceptible young man in a cable car and fell into his lap. "You're perfectly welcome," was the gentleman's meek and blushing reply.

When a resident of Rolls county, Mo., went to cast his vote on election day he found that he was several sizes larger than the voting booth. The Sheriff was obliged to construct for him a screen made of horse blankets.

The Duke of Sutherland is the largest land owner in the United Kingdom. The Duke possesses no less than 1,358,545 acres of land, all of which, save about 15,000 acres, are in Scotland, and his rent roll is more than $700,000 a year.

Hans Carl Christian Emile Lauritz Rasmussen was the name of a resident of New York. He applied to Judge Bookstaver, in the Court of Common Pleas for relief, and he is to be known hereafter as Christ Emile Rasmussen.

The Rev. C. L. Dodson (Lewis Carroll), the bachelor tutor of Oxford, known the world over as the author of "Alice in Wonderland," refuses to visit grown-up girls who have read his book when they were little. He is bashful, and is afraid they might become sentimental.

Every President of the United States so far has either been a lawyer, a soldier, or both. Washington, William H. Harrison, Taylor and Grant were soldiers; Monroe, Jackson, Pierce, Hayes, Garfield and Benjamin Harrison were soldiers and lawyers; while all the rest were lawyers.

LITERARY MEN AS HUSBANDS.

Milton was not great in the character of husband and father. We read that his first wife was disgusted with his gloomy house, and soon ran away from him, and his daughters were left to grow up utterly neglected.

Shakespeare lost the sympathies of the world by marrying Anne Hathaway, a woman eight years his senior, who was coarse and ignorant.

It is told of Lord Bacon that he enjoyed but little domestic bliss, and "loved not to be with his partner."

Montaigne, when a widower, said that he would not marry again, "though it were to wisdom itself."

Moliere was married to a wife who made him miserable; and Rousseau lived a most wretched life with his wife, who was low and illiterate.

Dryden "married discord in a noble wife;" and Addison sold himself to a cross-grained old countess, who made him pay dearly for what she gave him.

Steele, Sterne, Churchill, Coleridge, and Byron were all married unhappily; and Bulwer and Dickens have been known to all the world for their conjugal unhappiness.

Sir Walter Raleigh married a beautiful girl eighteen years his junior, and she adored him with increasing ardor to the very last.

Dr. Johnson's wife was old enough to be his mother, but "he continued to be under the illusions of the wedding day until she died at the age of sixty-four," he being only forty-three.

Buffon told his friend that his wife had a great influence over his composition.s "I am always refreshed and aided by her advice."

Sir Walter Scott was a genius of the very first order. He succeeded in every department of letters; but his greatest happiness was in his wife. He married her after a short acquaintance, and it was a genuine love match, lasting until the day of her death.

Moore's wife was one of the noblest creatures, and he never tired of singing her praises.

Shelley's first marriage was unfortunate, but his second was a model of happiness.

Wordsworth made a love match, and was a lover through life.

Lamartine was happily married, and received great aid from his wife in all his undertakings.

It would be impossible anywhere to find more domestic felicity than among the great circle of our modern men and women of letters. Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, the two Brownings, the two Howitts, Tennyson and his wife, Charles Kingsley, Baron Bunsen and his wife, and many others less notable might be mentioned, while Englishmen of prominence in other fields have the same good fortune.

Beaconsfield married a widow, who made him perfectly happy, and he never lost an occasion of singing her praises.

Dr. Arnold of Rugby is cited as having an almost ideal home life, and so also is the late Dean Stanley.

MEETING THE DIFFICULTY.—You remind me of a story which I once heard concerning a worthy Quaker who lived in a country town. The Friend was rich and benevolent, and his means were put in frequent requisition for purposes of local charity or usefulness. The townspeople wanted to rebuild their parish church, and a committee was appointed to raise funds. It was agreed that the Quaker could not be asked to subscribe towards an object so contrary to his principles: but then, on the other hand, so true a friend to the town might take it amiss if he was not at least consulted on a matter of such general interest. So one of their number went and explained to him their project; the old church was to be removed, and such and such steps taken towards the construction of a new one. "Thee wast right," said the Quaker, "in supposing that my principles would not allow me to assist in building a church. But didst thee not say something about pulling down a church? Thee may'st put my name down for a hundred pounds."

Some time ago a certain poor, old shoemaker was vending some of his boots on a stall in the Greenmarket, Dundee, when a customer accosted him thus: "I say, mannie, is yer buits onything guid?" "Weel, man, I dinna ken," he replied; "but there's a chapple that works in the bleachfield comes for a pair ilka fornight, so if they wirna guid he widna tak them."

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the old reliable, will cure every case of cough or cold.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

The greyhound runs by eyesight only, and this we observe as a fact. The carrier-pigeon flies his two hundred and fifty miles homeward by eyesight—namely, from point to point of objects which he has marked; but this is only our conjecture. The fierce dragon-fly, with twelve thousand lenses in his eye, darts from angle to angle with the rapidity of a flashing sword, and as rapidly darts back, not turning in the air, but with a clash reversing the action of his four wings, and instantaneously calculating the distance of the objects, or he would dash himself to piece. But in what conformation of the eye does this consist? No one can answer.

A cloud of ten thousand gnats dance up and down in the sun, the minutest interval between them, yet no one knocks another headlong upon the grass, or breaks a leg or a wing, long and delicate as these are. Suddenly, amidst your admiration of this dance, a peculiar high-shouldered, vicious gnat, with long, pendent nose, darts out of the rising and falling cloud, and settling on your cheek, inserts a poisonous sting. What possessed the little wretch to do this? Did he smell blood in the mazy dance? No one knows.

A carriage comes suddenly upon a flock of geese on a narrow country road, and drives straight through the middle of them. A goose was never yet fairly run over nor a duck. They are under the very wheels and hoops, and yet somehow they contrive to flap and waddle off. Habitually stupid, indolent and heavy, they are nevertheless equal to any emergency.

Why does the lonely woodpecker, when he descends his tree and goes to drink, stop several times before he takes his draught? No one knows.

How is it that the species of ant, which is taken in battle by other ants to be made slaves, should be the black, or negro ant? No one knows.

The power of judging of actual danger, and the free and easy boldness which results from it, are by no means uncommon. Many birds seem to have a most correct notion of a gun's range, and while scrupulously careful to keep beyond it, confine their care to this caution, the most obvious resource would be to fly right away out of sight and hearing, which they do not choose to do. And they sometimes appear to make even an ostentatious use of their power, fairly putting their wit and cleverness in antagonism to that of man, for the benefit of their fellows.

We lately read an account, by a naturalist in Brazil, of an expedition he made to one of the islands of the Amazon to shoot spoon-bills, ibises, and other of the magnificent grallatorial birds which were most abundant there. His design was completely baffled, however, by a wretched little sandpiper that preceded him, continually uttering his tell-tale cry, which at once aroused all the birds within hearing. All the day this individual bird continued his self-imposed duty of sentinel to others, effectually preventing the approach of the fowler to the game, and yet managing to keep out of the range of his gun.

WISE PRECAUTION.—Among the frequent visitors at the shop of a certain well-known taxidermist was an old colored man who was quite a character in his way.

One day he happened to look in just as the taxidermist had finished skinning an eagle.

"Would you like a goose to take home with you?" asked the latter, pointing to the body of the eagle, which lay wrapped in a paper on a shelf.

"Yes, sah," replied the unsuspicious negro. "I'd be mightily 'bliged to you, sah."

The package was handed over to him, and he departed rejoicing. Not long afterwards the taxidermist met him in the street, and inquired how he had enjoyed his goose dinner.

"Dat goose war de toughest goose dat ever I see," replied the darkey, looking his questioner full in the eye without a shadow of a smile. "I biled him, an' parbiled him, and I biled him again, but he was suttin'ly de chewin'est bird dat ever me or my ole woman seed."

With that the old man walked calmly away.

A few days later the darkey called at the shop again.

As he was leaving, the taxidermist said, pointing to a paper in which an elderly owl was carefully wrapped up—

"Don't you want another goose to-day?"

"If you'll 'xcuse my plain speakin', sah," said the old man with dignity, "I'd like to see de feet on dat goose b'fore I carries him home to de ole woman!"

Do not go traveling without a bottle of Salvation Oil. It cures a bruise at once. 25 cents.

The Lost Inheritance.

BY M. D. G.

THE train from Paris to Lyons stopped at the station of Joigny, a town upon the route, and after leaving a few passengers again went on. The station, for a moment crowded with railway porters and lookers-on, was soon deserted by all but two individuals. One of them was an old man, dressed in the garb of a well-to-do farmer; the other, a youth of about five-and-twenty, who seemed to be waiting for some one to come and meet him. To this person the old man presently addressed himself.

"May I presume, sir," said he, "to inquire if you are Clement B.?"

"Yes, my good man," replied the youth, with a haughtiness of manner, "and I have no doubt you are Mr. Martin."

"At your service, sir," replied the other.

"Well, Mr. Martin," continued Clement, in the same tone, "I began to imagine you intended to keep me waiting. That would not have been the best manner in which to have insinuated yourself in my good graces."

The old man, instead of replying, let his head fall upon his breast as if in deep affliction, and conducted the new comer towards a large old-fashioned carriage, to which a very rough-looking horse was harnessed.

"Here is your carriage, sir," said Martin. "If you will be good enough to get in, I will have the honor of conducting you to the Hermitage."

"That my carriage, sir?" cried Clement. "Why, I shall be taken for a traveling pedler."

But a few days before, Mr. Clement B., who now put on so many fine airs, was a simple clerk in a crockery warehouse in Paris, and possessed the reputation of being a quiet, unpretending little fellow. What, then, had brought about this sudden and radical transformation? He had become, since the previous day, a rich man, and it might be well understood that the possessor of an income of twenty thousand francs a year finds it difficult to retain the modest demeanor of a poor clerk.

On the previous day, while dusting the long piles of crockery under his charge, a letter arrived for him by the post, conveying to him the startling intelligence that one of his uncles, of whom he had often heard as an eccentric and very wealthy old man, but whom he had never seen, had just died at his residence in Burgundy, leaving his nephew, Clement, sole heir to his estates, to the exclusion of many other heirs.

The letter was from a notary in the province, who desired him to leave Paris immediately for Joigny, the town near which this uncle had resided, where he would be met by Martin, an old servant of the deceased, and conducted from the railroad to the "Hermitage," the name which the deceased had given to the estate.

Almost driven out of his senses by such an unexpected stroke of fortune, Clement hastened to obey the notary's directions, and, on his arrival at Joigny, joined Martin, as we have seen.

On jolted the queer vehicle in which our hero had so contemptuously taken a place, until, after a ride of several miles, the occupants arrived at their destination. Martin offered the honors of the Hermitage to the new proprietor, called all the servants and introduced them to their master, and then conducted the latter to his own apartments.

"This was the sleeping-chamber of your uncle," said Martin, as they entered a large apartment, furnished in old-fashioned style. "It was in this room that he died ten days ago."

But the nephew, instead of evincing any emotion upon being shown the room of his benefactor, threw upon all around him a look of scorn, and cried: "Upon my word I can't say I think much of the old boy's taste! I never saw any thing so very ugly in all my life."

"Notwithstanding, sir," replied Martin, "it is the best we have here; and, if you cannot content yourself, I really don't know where you will find other lodgings."

"I live here?" exclaimed the young man. "You do not imagine I am such a donkey, I hope! For us young fellows, do you see, Paris is the only place; so I shall sell this old crazy rookery at once, and then be off."

"Sell the Hermitage!" exclaimed Martin, "your uncle's favorite place of residence: Impossible! And we servants, who hoped to end our days under this roof, what is to become of us?"

"Mr. Martin," retorted the young man, "let me have none of your complaints, I beg. Get me some dinner, and afterwards you will drive me to the notary's."

After having eaten a hearty meal, notwithstanding he found the meats insipid and the wines sour, the legatee, still accompanied by Martin, re-entered the carriage, and the two started off.

"If I am not mistaken," observed Mr. Clement, after an hour's ride, "we passed this spot this morning; and that," pointing to a building, "is the railroad station. Do we take the train there?"

"You alone will do so," responded his companion, speaking very gravely, and in a manner which caused the young man to tremble in spite of himself. "I, sir, am your uncle, and happily I am not dead! Having heard good accounts of your conduct I had resolved to make you heir of all I possess; but, before doing so, I wished to ascertain if you were really deserving of my generosity, and I had recourse to stratagem, which has thoroughly exposed your true character to me. Good-bye, Mr. Clement; return to your business, and remember that your arrogance and ingratitude have lost you that, which will never again be placed within your reach."

The old man then gave his foolish nephew sufficient to indemnify him for the expenses of his trip, took leave of him at the station, and returned home. The feelings of the young man may be imagined, but, as the yellow-colored novels say, "they cannot be described."

This is a true story, and an apt illustration of the maxim, "Never halloo until you are out of the wood."

HOOD'S LETTERS TO CHILDREN.—Children and dogs are proverbially fond of good men, and with both Hood was a great favorite. He never outgrew his boyhood. He delighted in contriving all sorts of puzzles wherewith to amuse the little ones, and his appearance in their midst was invariably the signal for noisy happiness. "He stole into their hearts," as an eloquent writer has it, "on all fours."

He—whose word commanded the ear of the world—could yet adapt his thoughts and language to the comprehension of the youngest, and write such a letter as a child might write if a child had only Hood's wit. Witness those exquisitely charming letters of his to his friend Dr. Elliot's children.

In a letter to the youngest he writes: "My dear May—I promised you a letter, and here it is. I was sure to remember it, for you are as hard to forget as you are soft to roll down a hill with. What fun it was! only so prickly, I thought I had a porcupine in one pocket and a hedgehog in the other. The next time before we kiss the earth we will have its face shaved. I get no rolling at St. John's Wood. Tom and Fanny only like roll and butter; and as for Mrs. Hood, she is for rolling in money. Tell Dennis that Tom has set his foot in the balcony and caught a cold; and tell Jennie that Fanny has set her foot in the garden, but it has not come up yet. I hope we shall have a merry Christmas. I mean to come in my most ticklesome waistcoat, and to laugh till I grow fat, or at least streaky. Fanny is to be allowed a glass of wine; Tom's mouth is to have a hole holiday, and Mrs. Hood is to sit up to supper. There will be such doings, and such things to eat! but pray, pray, pray mind they don't boil the babe in mistake for a plum pudding."

HER MOTHER—"I saw him kiss you! I am terribly shocked! I did not for a moment imagine he would dare take such a liberty!" Herself—"Nor did I, ma—in fact, I bet him a pair of gloves he daren't!"

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Put your name and address back of photos.

IN A DILEMMA.—"I have come to see you, sir, on a delicate mission," said the young man, as he sat down on the edge of a chair and looked uncomfortable, as young men sometimes will.

The old gentleman put down his pen and looked curious.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Well, sir, you have two beautiful daughters," explained the young man.

"I have two daughters," admitted the gentleman.

"I presume that you have noticed that I have been frequently at your house," suggested the young man diffidently.

"I have noticed it."

"Thank you, sir. I have been paying attention to—in fact, sir, frankly, I—I have been making love to one of your daughters."

The old gentleman hesitated, and the young man eagerly went on—

"Yes, sir, that's it exactly. I proposed to one of them last night, and I—I—"

"Which one?" interrupted the gentleman. "Both are splendid girls, and I should hate to lose either—but which one is it?"

"Don't you know?" asked the young man, aghast.

"Certainly not. I've seen you with both."

The young man sighed, and reached for his hat.

"I thought you might," he said. "I've been very attentive, and I was sometimes in doubt myself, seeing they're twins; but I got on all right until I proposed. And now—now—hang it all, sir, if you don't know which one accepted me, I don't! and I've got to begin all over again."

PROVING AN ALIBI.—It was a case of chicken-stealing, and the prints of bare feet were found in the sand round the hen-house. The lawyer for the prosecution was one who, if he had been Napoleon Bonaparte, would never have crossed the Alps; he would simply have pulled them up by the roots and thrown them over the palling. The prisoner was an unknown tramp.

"You say you don't know anything about this theft?" queried the lawyer, fiercely.

"That's what I swore to, sir," replied the tramp, meekly.

"You were in the back yard of Mrs. Slamtipp's house about supper time?"

"Yes, sir."

"You know the position of the hen-house?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were seen on the road in front of the house some time after dark?"

"I was there, sir."

"You were in the yard after dark?"

"Yes, sir, and after supper also, sir," replied the prisoner, with a wan smile at his innocent little joke in such a place.

"And you were seen by the cook sitting on the door-step with your shoe off?"

"Yes, sir, there was a pebble in it that was too big to get out of the hole it got in at."

"Now, sir, I am going to prove that you made those tracks with your bare feet while you were stealing the chickens of the plaintiff."

"You can't do it, sir," said the prisoner, mildly but firmly.

"And why not, pray?" asked the prosecutor, with firm sarcasm.

"Because, sir, I've got one wooden leg, sir."

A PHYSICIAN, on presenting his bill to the executor of the will of the deceased patient, asked, "Do you wish to have my bill sworn?" "No," replied the executor; "the death of the deceased is sufficient evidence you attended him professionally."

VISITING ENGLISHMAN—"I can never be happy unless you promise to be mine." Native American—"Well, I don't mind being engaged to you, but I must tell you plainly that I am engaged to three other men I like better."

"PA, what is an auction?" "An auction, my son, is a place where a man pays an exorbitant price for something he don't want and can't use."

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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER, Oak Lodge Thorpe, Norwich, Norfolk, England.
Nov., 28, '83.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA,
I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.
A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

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Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 8th District.

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Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the base and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.
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The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Postage stamps, 2's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 60 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—
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Epidemic Cholera and Consumption.
The current (SEPTEMBER) number of THE MEDICAL TRIBUNE, published in this city under the caption of "Epidemic Cholera," speaking of its appropriate treatment, concludes as follows: "In addition to these remedies I would strongly recommend the early, free, and persistent inhalation of Bi-ozone, as well as the internal use of Peroxide of Hydrogen. Ozone, if introduced into the system, will destroy these germs, whether in the lungs or in the stomach, and with an increased oxidation of the blood the circulation is equalized AND COLLAPSE PREVENTED."
The same issue also has the following article from the pen of its editor, an eminent medical writer and practitioner:

"BI-OZONE as a REMEDIAL AGENT."
"Imperfect oxidation always results in the accumulation of effete material which is deposited in various organs and tissues of the body and thus gives rise to a variety of diseases. To correct such defects the profession have long endeavored to find some means by which oxygen could be introduced into the system so as to oxidize these deposits and thus remove the cause of disease.
"At one time chemical agents, rich in oxygen, were freely administered. Again, oxygen gas by inhalation was proposed. In some few instances air-tight rooms were constructed and air forced into them until a pressure of two atmospheres was secured. Patients were then placed in these rooms for a specified time with the view of obtaining an increased supply of oxygen by inhaling this compressed air. None of these methods, however, have proved satisfactory and imperfect oxidation of the blood has been one of the great difficulties with which medical men have had to contend.
"Various preparations of peroxide of hydrogen have been introduced to the profession, and all of them have been valuable acquisitions to the therapeutic art; but it has remained for Mr. N. Helmer to give us his bi-ozone treatment, which makes it possible for the patient to inhale ozone directly into the lungs as often as it may be necessary to do so. His method is a simple one, and from our personal experience we believe it the most efficacious that has yet been devised. He supplies a superior peroxide of hydrogen, a quantity of which is heated with water, and to this is added another chemical agent which sets the oxygen free for immediate inhalation. The chemical action which thus takes place sets free a gas which the usual tests prove to be ozone.
"The inhalation of this ozone serves a valuable purpose in oxidizing the blood, as it is carried directly into the lungs, and from thence to the red blood corpuscles. It is also claimed that the internal use of this peroxide of hydrogen is followed by the setting free of the ozone in the stomach and its absorption by the blood vessels.
"Our attention was first called to the Bi-ozone treatment some months ago, and we gave it a thorough test in the case of our cook, who has been for some time suffering from phthisis. There was a deposit in the upper part of both lungs, her cough was persistent, and for over two months she had profuse night sweats. She had become so weak that she could not go up one flight of stairs without stopping to rest on the way. We commenced giving her the Bi-ozone treatment, and within a month's time her cough had materially diminished, the night sweats had entirely disappeared, and she had so far recovered her strength as to be able to attend to her usual duties and go up three flights of stairs without shortness of breath or fatigue. In addition to the inhalation she took thirty drops of the peroxide of hydrogen by the stomach an hour after each meal. She continued this treatment for about four months, at which time she was apparently well. At the present writing, which is seven months after the beginning of the treatment, she has no cough, her appetite and strength are both normal, and the deposit in the right lung has entirely disappeared, while there is only a very slight dulness at the apex of the left lung.
Whether we accept the theory that consumption is due to the presence of bacilli in the lungs, or that of deposits of tubercular matter, the success of the treatment can be accounted for on rational grounds. The ozone or allotropic oxygen, when taken directly into the lungs by inhalation, destroys the bacilli, thus curing the disease, and also oxidizes the tubercular matter and thus causes its elimination.
"We are experimenting in other directions, and believe that in the Bi-ozone we have a remedy that will prove a valuable agent in the treatment of all conditions in which there is a deficient oxidation or imperfect nutrition."

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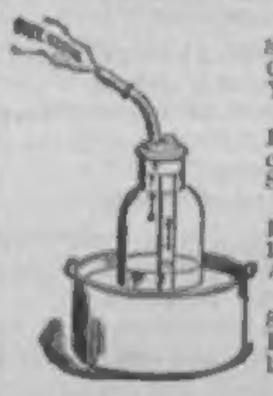
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Humorous.

EIGHTEEN LIVES LOST.

There wanst was two cats at Kilkenny,
Each thought there was one cat too many;
So they quarrel'd and fit,
They scratch'd and they bit,
Till, excepting their nails,
And the tips of their tails,
Instead of two cats, there warnt any!

—U. N. Nose.

It Wasn't That Kind.

Uncle Jabez: "I wonder if I can exchange old Mirandy for one o' them nice young gals I saw in the store?"

Good life-preserver—Food.

The letter "i" is in "it."

Cool and collected—The ice bill.

Always a case of the biter bitten—a dog fight.

Wild oats is said to be the only crop that grows by gaslight.

Why is a sinner like a good cabbage?—Because he has a hard heart.

The singer who brought down the house has refused to rebuild it.

That man is indeed hard up who cannot even get credit for good intentions.

Fresh prisoner: "Good morning, judge; fine day, ain't it?" Judge: "Yes; yours is $10."

Iron is good for the blood, but no man likes to have it administered in the form of carpet tacks.

No mean man has a right to wish he had never been born. Let other people do that for him.

There are three things that beat a drum for noise—one is a small boy, and the other two are drumsticks.

She: "If you had never met me, would you have loved me just the same?" He, convincingly: "More!"

"Is he such an unlucky man?" asked Mrs. Muggs. "Unlucky? Why, that man gets toothache in his false teeth."

"Well," said Mr. Cynicus, when the baby had swallowed his collar-button, "I know where the pesky thing is now, anyhow."

Mother: "So you wish my daughter for your wife?" He, gallantly: "Partly that, madame, and partly that you may be my mother-in-law."

"To what do you attribute your longevity?" asked an investigator of a centenarian. "To the fact that I never died," was the conclusive reply.

Smith: "You needn't tell me that dogs don't know as much as human beings. I took Ponto to church with me last Sunday." Jones: "Yes?" Smith: "Well, sir, he slept through the whole sermon."

Young Miss Wilgus: "Where are you going, papa?"

Rev. Mr. Wilgus: "To the temperance meeting. We intend to inaugurate a movement to save the young men of the country."

Young Miss W.: "Try and save a real nice one for me, will you, papa dear."

Bobby, at the breakfast table: "Maud, did Mr. Jones take any of the umbrellas or hats from the hall last night?"

Maud: "Why, of course not! Why should he?"

Bobby: "That's just what I'd like to know. I thought he did, because I heard him say when he was going out, 'I'm going to steal just one,' and—why, what's the matter, Maude?"

Baby: "A-bwa, a-bwa, a-bwa."

Mother: "Boire, boire, what can Charles Augustus mean?"

Father: "He's going to be a toper, Angeline. Boire is French for drink."

Mother, anxiously: "Oh, wouldn't it be dreadful if Charles should turn out to be a French baby, and we couldn't understand a word he said?"

The clerk in the accident insurance office was busy when the visitor arrived.

"What can I do for you?" he inquired, very briefly.

"I want an accident policy."

"All right, sir. What's your business?"

"I'm a student."

"Ah! Belong to a foot-ball team?"

"Yes. Does that make any difference?"

"Some—in the rates."

"How much?"

"Well, a policy for $5,000 will cost you 2 a minute."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

Last night I was at a house where the whole family was grouped around the pretty daughter, who was radiant in a new ball dress that was very dainty and pretty.

It was of pale blush pink striped gauze, the stripes being of the same shade as the ground. Around the skirt was a double puff of pink silk. The draped corsage and sleeves were very tasteful. Upon the shoulders were two half wreaths of crimson roses, and there were panels of crimson velvet like the corselet.

The young lady has been "out" two seasons; otherwise it would be hardly the correct style for her to have velvet or indeed any other heavy material about her gown. Very young girls wear white only of crape or tulle or some other very delicate and transparent stuff.

I saw for evening wear for young girls this week striped bengaline in gauze patterns, self colored, pale pink, blue, apple green and mauve, as well as white. Besides these were several colors and degrees of transparencies in crapes. Tulle is also worn—black, smoke color and white. The maize colored crape was the very loveliest thing imaginable in the piece, but probably one of the thinner fabrics would be prettier.

All dancing dresses have full skirts, and none is long. Flowers, natural or artificial, are worn, and ribbons as well as pearl and crystal passementerie and feathers. Mull and chiffon are also often seen where simplicity is the aim. Veiling is not much worn, nor are net and lace, though there is no one to say that if a lady has a pretty lace gown she shall not wear it to a dance. There are no very low necked gowns this season on young girls nor married ladies. If a gown of last season be worn for this a pretty tucker of tulle or lace should be added to the top.

NEWEST DANCING DRESS.

At the last great fair in this city there was some fine dressing by the box holders and by casual visitors. One lady had a leaf brown cloth dress, with sleeves of hunter's green velvet and a triple velvet cape bound with marten so that it stood out nearly straight. With it she had a hat of green velvet, with leaf brown ostrich tips.

Another costume that was much admired was a prune broadcloth, with the bottom of the skirt slashed and piped with sky blue silk, and beneath the slashes was a flounce that was piped with blue. The corsage was round, and the sleeves and waist were all slashed and filled in with pale blue faille. A hat of prune velvet with blue plumes was worn with this and a half long sealskin cape, which was carried by two strings sewn at the neck, which is a much safer manner to carry such a cape than the old way of throwing it over one arm and then putting an advertisement in the paper offering a reward to the finder.

One lady had a very pretty costume of snowflake cheviot, a slate colored surface over which the snow seems to have fallen thickly in feathery flakes. The skirt was double corned in the back and slightly draped in the front. The waist is brought to a point with a handsome steel clasp and pendant. On the breast is a buckle holding a band of velvet. The sleeves were modified bishop and held with a steel clasp. The bonnet of garnet velvet, with a gathering of satin around the edge and garnet strings.

Her companion had a gray and red velour russe, the skirt quite plain and cut so that the heavy rops were on the bias, where it meets in the center back seam. The Eton jacket had sleeves and front trimmed with graduated rows of black velvet ribbon, and a very tiny flat hat of felt, trimmed with ribbon.

Odds and Ends.

ON DIFFERENT MATTERS OF INTEREST.

Here are some things for the housewife to try:

Stewed grapes as an appetizer.

Rubbing tough meat with a cut lemon.

Bacon fat for frying chicken and game.

Stale cake with brandy sauce for dessert.

Lemon and orange peels to flavor sauces.

Steaming a stale loaf of bread to freshen it.

Dipping sliced onions in milk before frying.

Hard-boiled egg salad, made like potato salad.

Warming crackers in the oven before using.

Heating the dry coffee before pouring on the water.

Fried sweet apples when you have liver or kidney.

The juice of an orange and some nutmeg in lemonade.

Oyster Patties.—Make some rich puff paste and bake it in small tin patty pans. When cold turn them out upon a large dish. Stew some large fresh oysters with a few cloves, a little mace and nutmeg, a little butter and as much oyster liquor as will cover them. When they have stewed a short time take them out of the pan, place upon a flat dish and set them away to cool. When quite cold lay a few oysters in each shell of puff paste.

Fried Oysters.—Select only the finest and largest oysters, drain them and dry gently with a soft white cloth. To one quart of oysters have ready three eggs well beaten and seasoned with pepper and salt, and the heart of a fresh home made loaf well crumbled after being dried thoroughly in the oven. Dip the oysters first in the eggs, then in the bread crumbs, so that each oyster will be well covered, and mould gently with the soft part of the hand. Have the lard boiling hot, put in the oysters and fry a light brown. Garnish with parsley, or serve with a slices of lemon. Do not have the bread crumbs too fine.

Mince Pie.—Boil a beef tongue weighing six pounds and what is called the vein of a round of beef weighing six pounds five or six hours. Lift the meat carefully out of the water and place in a chopping bowl. Skim the tongue and when cold chop it and the beef very fine. Set the kettle with the water in which the meat has boiled where it will keep cool. To the chopped meat add five pounds of beef suet, chopped very fine; five pounds of stoned raisins, three pounds of dried currants, a pound and a half of citron cut in very thin, small slices, four pounds of granulated sugar, one pint of New Orleans molasses, one quart of brandy, one quart of boiled cider, one pint of Madeira wine, half a teacup each of salt, cinnamon and allspice, two tablespoonfuls of cloves, a tablespoonful of mace and three nutmegs grated. Put this all into a large pan, pouring in the liquor in which it was boiled, which will have become jellied; mix, it all together with the hands and let it stand over night. In the morning what you wish to bake take out and put in another pan, and add one-half as much finely chopped tart apples as you have meat. Mix it up well and let it stand an hour. If it is not sweet enough add more sugar and a little more wine. Prepare your crust as directed below, line the pie plate with it fill with the mincemeat, put on the top crust and bake in a good hot oven. Put the remainder of the mincemeat in a jar for future use, pouring over it a little brandy. Cover tight to keep the air out. This not only keeps well, but is better after having been kept some time. Whenever more is required for baking add the chopped apples and moisten with wine, or cider if preferred.

Cranberry Jelly.—Pick over and wash a quart of cranberries; then put them down to cook in a granite or porcelain pan. Add one pint of cold water, and put the pan where it will cook rather slowly until each berry is burst. Then draw the pan forward, remove the cover, add one pound of granulated sugar and let it cook uncovered for twenty minutes. Then pour it into a mold and set it away to stiffen. Shake it now and then but never stir it.

BARBER—"You are very bald. Do you know what is the cause of it?" Mr. Fewlocks—"I don't know, but I suspect that my hair falling out had something to do with it."

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In Effect December 4, 1892.

DEPOT, NINTH AND GREEN STREETS.

Williamsport Fast Day Line—8.35 a m week-days.
Buffalo Day Express—9.00 a m daily.
Easton Flyer—3.55 p m week-days.
New England Night Express—6.45 p m, (28th and Chestnut sts., 6 20 p m) daily.
Buffalo Night Line—8.35 p m daily.
Western Night Express—9.30 p m daily.
Williamsport Night Express—11.30 p m daily.

FOR BOSTON, via Poughkeepsie Bridge. New England Night Express (Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car) leaves Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets at 6.20 p m, and Ninth and Green streets at 6.45 p m every day.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER, NIAGARA FALLS and CHICAGO, 9.00 a m, 8.25 and 9.30 p m daily. The 9.00 a m train has parlor cars to Buffalo, and the 9.30 p m train sleeping cars to Buffalo Niagara Falls and Toronto.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.10, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 12.00 noon, 2.00, 3.55, 4.30, 5.30, 6.45, 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 10.30 p m. Sundays, 6.30, 9.00, 9.30 a m, 6.45 and 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 8.30 p m.

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS

8.35 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Williamsport and Colebrookdale Branch.
9.10 a m for Reading and way points.
11.02 a m for Pottstown and Barto.
1.35 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Branch Roads.
4.35 p m for Reading and Branch Roads.
11.30 p m daily. Sleeping car line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport. Connects for Lock Haven and Clearfield, except train leaving Philadelphia Saturday night.

SUNDAYS—9.05 a m Express, Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.
11.45 a m for Pottstown and Barto.
3.40 p m—for Pottsville, Harrisburg, Byers, Barto and Allentown.
11.30 p m—Sleeping Car Line, Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport and Beech Creek Railroad.

FOR NEW YORK.

ROYAL BLUE LINE,

Leave Twenty-fourth and Chestnut Streets.

3.35, 8.20, 9.20, 11.15 a m, 12.37 (dining car), 3.33, 6.20, 8.18 (dining car), p m. Sundays, 3.35, 9.40, 11.15 a m, 12.37 (dining car), 3.33, 6.20, 8.18 (dining car) p m.

Leave Ninth and Green Streets.

7.30 (Pion eer two-hour fast line), 8.30, 9.30 a m, 1.30, 4.00, 5.15, 8.45 p m, 12.01 night. Sundays, 8.00, 10.00 a m, 5.15 p m, 12.01 night. And for Trenton, week-days, in addition to above, 2.30, 3.15, 5.45, 6.25, 11.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m, 5.30, 10.15 p m. Bound Brook, week-days, 4.31 p m.

Close connections for New York are made at Wayne Junction with trains from Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets by local trains leaving Ninth and Green at 11.05 a m, 12.45, 3.15, 6.15, 8.02 p m. Sundays, 10.50 a m, 12.45, 3.15, 6.10, 8.00 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.00, 7.45, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.15, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

DEPOT THIRTEENTH AND CALLOWHILL STREETS.

4.10 a m for Reading, Barto, Harrisburg Pottsville, Allentown, Shamokin and Williamsport.
7.40 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley and Perkiomen Roads.
10 a m for Reading, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Lancaster, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Williamsport.
12.45 p m for Pottstown, Barto and Reading.
1.40 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley, Colebrookdale and Perkiomen Roads.
4 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.
5.30 for Reading and Pottsville.
8 p m for Harrisburg, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Milton.
7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

SUNDAYS—4 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Shamokin, Harrisburg.
6.30 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Allentown.
8.15 a m for Reading and Downingtown.
5.30 p m for Reading, Pottsville and Chester Valley Railroad.
7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves. Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City, week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 4.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.10 a m, 4.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.30 a m, 4.30 p m.

Parlor cars on all express trains.

Brigantine week days, 8.00 am, 3.45 p m. Returning, 7.25 a m, 3.25 p m.

Williamstown, Glassboro and Mullica Hill, 8.30, 11.00 a m, 4.30, 5.45 p m. Sundays, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Clementon, 6.00 8.30 8.30, 11.00 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.45, 6.30, 7.30, 11.30 p m. Sundays, 8 a m, 1.45, 4.30 p m.

Blackwood and Grenloch, 8.30, 9.15, 11.30 a m, 2.30, 4.45, 6.30 p m, and 11.30 p m on Thursdays and Saturdays only. Sundays, 8.30, 8.00 a m, 4.45, 6.30 p m.

For Lakewood, Vineland, Bridgeton, points in Maurice River Railroad, 8.00 a m, 4.00 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, northeast corner Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 40 South Third street, and 18 South Fortieth street, West Philadelphia, and at the depots.

Reading Railroad Transfer and Cab Service. Passengers and baggage promptly conveyed.

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